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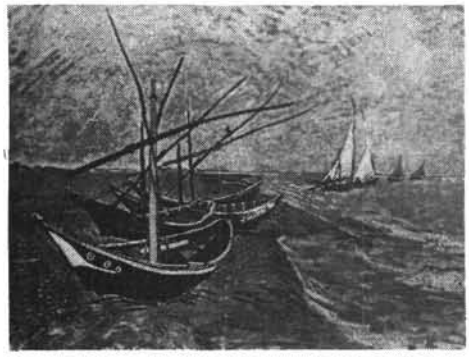

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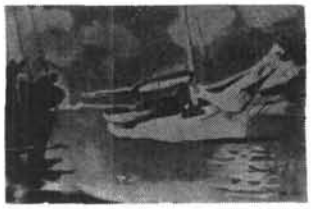

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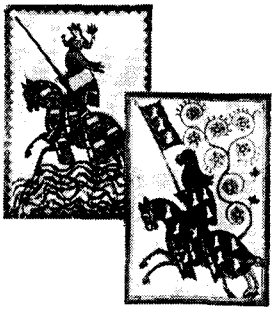

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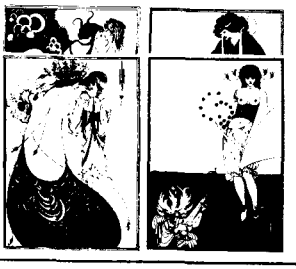

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Oh Pioneers

★ There is a huge painting in the Capitol of a group of pioneers with covered wagons reaching a summit in the Rockies, the faces of bearded men and aproned women suffused with joy as a lookout on a pinnacle above signals their goal. They suffered grinding toil, ornery animals, inching progress, burial on the plains, wolves and Indians. How lucky they were.

Often we think of it as we walk through the tiled corridors and glance up at the painting in this present period of lost control and near demoralization in the 90th, or rat, Congress. Dodd has been censured and Powell expelled but Congress passes no ethics law. Kennedy was assassinated four years ago and there is no gun control law. Riots flared last summer and will again next year but Congress makes clear it will depend for peace on police and clubs. Hungry children peer out of dirty windows in shacks in the Delta but the House pigeonholes a $75 million bill for food and medical attention. In New Orleans the burlesque inquiry of Jim Garrison mortifies the nation and goes on and on but nobody knows how to stop it. The murderers of three civil rights workers in Mississippi go unpunished and a modest civil rights proposal to permit federal intervention in such cases is stymied in the Senate. The high paid lobbyists in Washington launch a furious protectionist drive that will inevitably bring instant retaliation from the rest of the world if it succeeds and the result hangs in the balance. The country faces inflation and the White House and Congress are deadlocked on what to do.

Yes, and on the larger scene Vietnam drags on; nations trust guns, not law, and the two strongest powers begin an insane anti-ballistic race which even leaders admit won't stop missiles after billions are spent.

Our memory goes back a long way but, really, we can't recall as sour an overall mood in this city as today since old goat-beard Senator Lodge knifed Wilson, and idealism, and the League, and gleefully opened the road for Harding. Do today's events portend Nixon or Reagan?

Those sweat-stained pioneers were the lucky ones, any sensible person can see that. Toil, hunger, Indians, yes – but they knew where they were going. Are we moving ahead today – or traveling in circles? Is there a California behind those mountains?

Sauve Qui Peut

★ Well, this column is congenitally optimistic and will gather what enjoyment it can from events along the way. One was an interview with Governor Reagan last week in which he found a new source of perfidy in President Johnson. Seems the latter has been suppressing good news from Vietnam until the time is "politically advantageous" to reveal it. He is keeping it all till next year, we suppose, and will then pop it out shouting "Surprise, surprise."

The outstanding development in Congress right now is Democratic demoralization traced to Vietnam. The public has discovered that the war has to be paid for, and doesn't like it. A good many representatives may have decided that Mr. Johnson is a loser and are cutting from him to save their skins. They won't vote for higher taxes, or anything unpopular. If there's a chance to wrap themselves in the flag they'll do it.

Biggest test of the moment is the great protectionist counterattack against the Kennedy Round that has brought tariff reductions throughout the free world. Industries which see their high cost areas threatened with imports are making common cause; there has not been such a protectionist drive in 30 years. The corridor outside Room 2221 in the Senate Office Building as hearings began last week before the Finance Committee was jammed with lobbyists; too many to squeeze into the chamber. They get a retainer of $150 a day or so whether they get in or not. The State Department has been warned by practically all trade countries that there will be instant retaliation if the Ev Dirksen-Russell Long quota proposals go through. Many a congressman who knows that his campaign will be financed by some pet local industry will vote for protection. The Administration is desperately trying to mobilize its waning prestige.

Business as Usual

★ We mentioned recently how public utilities distribute canned editorials. TVA director Frank E. Smith gave a recent amusing example of this. An editorial attacking TVA, entitled "That Two-Foot 'Yardstick' Again," appeared in newspapers in Altoona, Pa., Henderson, N. C., Lynchburg, Va., Dover, N. H., Helena, Mont., Panama City, Fla. and elsewhere. Only one editor indicated the creation wasn't his own but emanated from the *Industrial News Review* which is the respectable-sounding name for an editorial canning factory operated by E. Hofer & Sons, Portland, Ore. It is only one of the companies in the pen-for-hire business. Smith says that of 125 editorials unfavorable to TVA published so far in 1967, 75 were "canned," that is, propaganda printed free without indication of origin.

We hear more and more proposals that big business sponsor slum clearance and somehow eliminate the ghetto at a profit. Senators Robert Kennedy and Percy have schemes for this, and Mr. Johnson blows the trumpets over a plan for insurance companies to invest a billion dollars in such areas.

To us this is a pipe dream. Corporations are in business to make profits and we don't see how they can make profits out of slums; they will make their profits out of government subsidies. Maybe there are marginal advantages of this oblique approach till the US is ready to do what Canada, Scandinavia and the rest of the world are doing; we are the only major Western power without some kind of direct income maintenance or family allowance. A mere $11 billion a year would raise every poor American above the poverty line as poverty is presently officially defined, $3,300 for a family of four. Others do it; inevitably we shall.

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Going Up?

The critics escalated their war on the war last week, and with much reason. *The New York Times* reports that "more Americans are being killed each week now [in Vietnam] than were lost in the three years . . . that preceded the bombing of North Vietnam." There is a frightful toll of South Vietnamese civilians as well. In addition to over half a million American troops in Vietnam, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. says, "our planes . . . now roam across the country, dropping more explosives than we used to drop on Nazi Germany." To which Dean Rusk replies complacently, "I see no reason for us to be gloomy simply because it is not over yet," and he coolly calls the terror tactics described by Schlesinger "the pursuit of our limited objectives by limited means."

The mounting scale and toll of the war have wiped out the Administration's long-time argument that it is carrying out a commitment of its predecessors to help anti-communist Vietnamese defend themselves against other Vietnamese. That indeed is a limited objective which might justify a country America's size getting in up to its ankles, but not up past its neck. So in an attempt to counter the critics, Secretary Rusk and Vice President Humphrey now blurt out what President Johnson has often hinted: Vietnam is a pawn in a bigger and fiercer game – the checkmating of China. "Within the next decade or two," Mr. Rusk warns, "there will be a billion Chinese on the mainland, armed with nuclear weapons, with no certainty about what their attitude toward the rest of Asia will be." Vice President Humphrey obediently echoes: "Imagine what kind of a world we would be living in if the sweep of Asian communism should include all of Southeast Asia with its millions of people and its vast resources. The entire power structure of the world would be destroyed and drastically changed." According to Humphrey, the "fact of the matter" is that "with the assistance of the United States and SEATO, South Asia and indeed all of Asia has been maintained independent against a powerful force, the Chinese communists. . . . The threat to world peace is militant, aggressive Asian communism, with its headquarters in Peking, China." The Vice President, as usual, says too much. The Southeast Asia Treaty Organization to which he refers was formed in 1954 with France, Britain and this country as its leading members. With the possible exception of John Foster Dulles, anyone who had suggested then that its purpose was to contain China by fighting counterrevolutionary wars elsewhere in Asia would have been regarded as insane. In those days, Dean Rusk himself was positive that Russia was

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the "threat to world peace" and China just a Soviet stooge, the way he now thinks Peking controls Hanoi. But now, with the Russians no longer enflaming our fears, we need a new, really big menace to justify the enormous outpouring of American lives and resources into battle – and we have it in Rusk's "billion Chinese." China, the Vice President states, threatens millions of Asians who possess "vast resources," an alarming thought, until we discover that the resources are largely myth. Indonesia has oil; but the world is swimming in oil. Malaya has rubber, which the Malaysian government bitterly complains it can't sell at a profit. Populations are pressing hard on the available food supply; there is no substantial rice surplus. The "great resources" of Asia are mostly just where the astute prewar Japanese knew they were, in China itself.

Assuming however Humphrey is half-right, that the Chinese do covet their Asian neighbors' possessions and must be taught they cannot have them (by the lesson of American military power in Vietnam) how then does one explain why it is mostly Americans who are now dying to defend "free Asia" and its resources? Where is the South Vietnamese army? Indeed, where are our other allies? France dropped out of SEATO long ago. So did Pakistan, the largest Asian member. Britain's Harold Wilson and George Brown cheer America, very faintly, from the sidelines, but many of their party and more of their countrymen tend to cheer North Vietnam or Americans who are against the war. Of our seven SEATO colleagues, that leaves Australia (6,300 men in Vietnam), New Zealand (376 men), the Philippines (2,000 civilians), and tiny Thailand. The Thais last week increased their troop commitment to a division, having been assured of some more US aid.

"Well, at least we won't be bothered by crowds upstairs."

Except for South Korea, not only are the Asians who are so threatened by China not pulling their weight in Vietnam, but the biggest of them, India, Indonesia and Japan, urgently want this country to quit bombing North Vietnam. Why? Because they think that otherwise the war in Vietnam might explode into a larger war with China, in which they *will* be involved.

The "free nations of Asia" who "don't want China to overrun them" stretch from Korea and Japan to India, Mr. Rusk tells us. So in numbers they are a match for the diabolical Chinese, and in the next 10 or 20 years, the Secretary says, these "free nations of Asia must brace themselves, get themselves set." Handed that scenario, China too must surely get itself set for Armageddon. And if that is the catastrophe for which Asia must brace itself, what are we waiting for? Is not the logic of Mr. Rusk's terrifying prophecy to strike now, to do precisely what the super-hawks recommend – hit China before it has got itself "set"?

Possibly these reluctant Asians perceive that the Administration's Vietnam policy is rooted in what Senator Eugene McCarthy, in a masterpiece of understatement, last week called "unsubstantiated assumptions." Among those assumptions are two: that China is bent on conquering all of Asia; and that a military confrontation on China's border, as in Vietnam, will serve to soften rather than harden Chinese policy. The Chinese communists do growl loudly, but rhetoric and policy are not the same, and Peking's words are rarely matched by deeds. Indonesia liquidated its communists in a general massacre, without provoking more than verbal protests from China, which did not even break off diplomatic relations; Indonesia did. China has fought brief, inconclusive border battles with India up in the Himalayas, but not about communism. Mao Tse-tung's maps showing bits of India marked as Chinese are Chiang Kai-shek's maps too. India recently fought a bigger war with Pakistan; both sides used American weapons; the Chinese did not intervene. The Chinese have nuclear weapons, but we and the Russians have many more with which to deter an aggressive foe. Moreover, the Chinese nuclear threat does not stop us from asking the Japanese to sign a solemn pledge never to possess nuclear weapons, at the same time we insist they are in danger from China. Being the biggest country in the world, China has the biggest army in the world. But

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despite extreme American provocation, it has hitherto behaved toward North Vietnam as a reluctant and even cynical ally. The Russians give Hanoi far greater material support than do the Chinese (upward of a billion dollars annually) – support which the Chinese sporadically disrupt. Communist North Korea hasn't sent a single soldier to aid North Vietnam, though there are 35,000 South Korean soldiers fighting on the American side in South Vietnam, and 50,000 American troops in South Korea. Who's threatening whom?

Mr. Humphrey and Mr. Rusk may have launched a self-fulfilling prophecy. But if we stick to what we know rather than what we imagine in our most nightmarish moments, the great Asian communist threat as far as this war is concerned boils down to around 50,000 North Vietnamese soldiers said to have infiltrated South Vietnam.

On August 25 last year, Rusk was explaining to the Senate Armed Services Committee that "the problem still is to find the other side in South Vietnam." A year later, the problem is to find the 700,000-strong South Vietnam forces. "It is incumbent upon those who regard this [war] as vital to our national security," says Senator Fulbright, "to show exactly how and why events in those jungles are of such enormous importance to American security." Mr. Rusk and Mr. Humphrey totally fail to show this; but their efforts at constructing a chilling Chinese peril, point to where the real peril now lies. The Administration is in a grave fix over Vietnam. As Schlesinger points out, it has rashly committed 40 percent of American combat-ready divisions, half the country's air power and a third of its naval strength to those jungles. This gigantic commitment is what makes it so hard for President Johnson to pull back now, without tremendous loss of prestige. Yet to do the opposite and go forward into an unnecessary war with China would cost very much more than prestige. There is a distinct danger nevertheless of Mr. Johnson, in sheer desperation, taking us step by step along this road to greater disaster.

Marijuana: Dangerous as Alcohol

FDA is not jockeying for control of marijuana. I've personally reviewed the literature because the question has come up as to what should be the position of our society with respect to marijuana. Naturally, the Secretary [of HEW] turns to me and says, "What's your opinion?" What we've done is simply suggested what our opinions are. [Giving FDA control of marijuana] is something that has to be taken up by Congress. It's not something that can be done by administrative act in my opinion.

The penalties are out of keeping with the nature of the drug itself. Marijuana is a mild hallucinogen. If we were doing it on the basis of logic you would say certainly it belongs under the Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965 as an hallucinogen.

You shouldn't drive a car after you use it. But I don't think it's as bad as alcohol if you're talking about the short run. Long term we really don't know whether there's a problem there – whether it alters the ability to think, the mentation processes, whether it would have any genetic effect.

I'm interested as a physician in changing the penalty for possession. I don't think we ought to be making felons out of our college students. This is a drug in widespread use today.

Society should be able to accept both alcohol and marijuana.

– Dr. James Goddard
Commissioner, Food and Drug Administration

Six months ago the Narcotics Bureau wouldn't talk about LSD and the Food and Drug Administration wouldn't talk about marijuana. The agencies were reluctant to encroach upon one another's legal, though not altogether rational, jurisdictions. FDA's Bureau of Drug Abuse Control has authority to control illicit traffic in the so-called dangerous drugs (barbiturates amphetamines, hallucinogens). Penalties under the Drug Abuse Control Amendments of 1965 are considerably more lenient than penalties for illegal traffic in heroin, cocaine, opium and marijuana which are in the bailiwick of the Treasury Department's Narcotics Bureau. It might be argued that it is arbitrary to divide jurisdiction at all and that one agency might better handle the entire problem. But under current practice marijuana, a mild hallucinogen, not a narcotic, *belongs* at FDA. Reducing penalties for sale of marijuana and transferring authority to FDA, whose enforcement tactics do not have quite the taint of the Narcotics Bureau's, is the kind of partial reform which might get some support in a Congress which would regard outright legalization of marijuana as politically untouchable. There are indications the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the parent agency of FDA, will

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favor such a transfer. The Public Health Service, the National Institute of Mental Health, and the Food and Drug Administration are all currently making studies for Secretary John Gardner. The FDA Commissioner, James Goddard, is becoming increasingly outspoken. On three recent occasions – at Harvard, at the University of Minnesota and in an interview with this journal – he has taken a position on pot only slightly less permissive than the *Berkeley Barb*. Goddard buys the alcohol analogy, opposes laws prohibiting possession of marijuana, cautions against driving a car after smoking it, and says his only uncertainty is the possible long-range effects of using the drug. Studies, he says, are absent demonstrating the effects of chronic use on the thought processes and the chromosomes of the user. Goddard has three children in college and would object to their smoking marijuana, not because he believes it is dangerous, but because of the excessive legal penalties levied against those who get caught. Goddard's forthrightness is bringing out the avenging furies. Dr. Robert W. Baird, director of the Haven Narcotics Clinic in New York City and chairman of the Suffolk County Narcotics Control Commission heard about Goddard's remarks and demanded he resign.

Greek Against Greek

The battle between Sparta and Athens goes on, with the Spartans having the upper hand. A commission of jurists appointed last June by the Greek military regime to draft a new constitution has reached an accord. But since the new document was made for the king by the king's men, it can only add to the king's troubles.

The Royalist view is that under the 1952 constitution there was too much power in the hands of an irresponsible Parliament, that personal freedom was "misunderstood" and criminally abused by disrespectful journalists, striking workers, demonstrating students, and demagogic politicians. Consequently the draft proposals greatly increase the power of the king at the expense of Parliament. The principal institutional innovation is the creation of a "constitutional court" which would have power to declare illegal and dissolve political parties and organizations which "obstruct directly or indirectly the free functioning of the regime"; to penalize individuals who have "abused" constitutional rights and to deprive those found "nationally or morally unworthy" of these rights; to declare any law of Parliament unconstitutional; to decide on the validity of elections. If a law is found unconstitutional by the new "court," the king has the power to dismiss the government or any individual minister. The king has the right to apply directly to the "court" to have a law declared unconstitutional.

The drafters have devoted major legalistic efforts to civil liberties, with the emphasis on "order" rather than "freedom." Assemblies are not permitted if they "tend to bring back ideas of those parties which are dissolved and outlawed." Individuals, deprived of their civil liberties for having "abused" them, will not be allowed to vote, and such basic constitutional protections which would extend to their homes or to correspondence will not apply to them. Parliamentary immunity is abolished.

The press will be "free," except if it "writes against the Christian religion"; "offends the king or his family"; "allows to appear anything that has the purpose of spreading the opinions of the outlawed parties"; "publishes about military matters." (This would eliminate criticism of NATO.) After three violations a publication could be permanently closed down, and the journalists involved barred from the profession. Article 14 of the old constitution, which guaranteed freedom of the press, is abolished.

Having strongly backed the monarchy since 1947 as the means to a "stable" Greece, Washington now finds itself with a politically incompetent and arrogant king and a draft constitution that is something less than a return to constitutional government. Washington's dilemma, however, is not as great as that of the Greek citizen. If he is ever given a choice in a referendum, it appears he will have to choose between military dictatorship and monarchy.

Last week, an Athenian was imprisoned for four years for trying to replace the flag on the Acropolis with a flag that read "DEMOCRACY 114" – a reference to the last article of the 1952 constitution which stated that democracy was to be safeguarded by the patriotism of the Greek people. The constitution drafters removed this article, claiming it could be interpreted to imply "the right to resistance." "The constitution," write the commissioners, "can be safeguarded without needing the patriotism of the Greek people."

Getting Ready

The National Guard responded to criticism of its behavior in the Detroit riots with an attack on the press and an expensive Madison Avenue advertising campaign to improve the Guard's image with "a select audience in the power centers of the nation." The *Guard Newsletter*, published by the Pentagon's National Guard Bureau, recently ran a cartoon showing an angry editor reading a riot story and saying to the reporter: "Harkins, in this mush you call a story on the riots, you say the National Guard 'moved quickly,' '. . . restored order,' '. . . did a professional job,' . . . What are you? Some kinda lousy PLANT?" On the wall in back of the angry editor a framed sign reads: "THINK LIBEL." But in addition to meeting criticism by using a

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first-rate advertising agency, public opinion experts and copy-writers, the Guard has instituted a special riot training program so that next summer no one will be able to say that Guardsmen are green.

Following the riots, the Pentagon ordered a 32-hour riot training "package" for all Guardsmen in the US and Puerto Rico, to be completed by October 1. State adjutants general were authorized to schedule unprecedented, two consecutive weekend drills during September. (Normally, Guard units meet only one weekend a month.) One such Guard unit on which we have had a report received its training during August and September weekend drills. Two of this 800-man unit's eight Negroes were included in the training, which followed a detailed lesson plan prepared by the US Army Continental Army Command. Men from a visiting unit demonstrated a formation calling for steel-helmeted troops armed with rifles and fixed bayonets and wearing gas masks to advance on a group of rioters, while loudly stamping their feet in unison. The idea is to frighten the rioters into dispersing. "We're not very good at this yet," a major apologized. "But by next summer, we'll be ready." He cautioned the unit to "avoid cornering the rioters. Always leave them an avenue of escape. You'll find that like a cornered rat, a rioter with no place to escape will attack you."

The 32-hour riot training course was divided between classes and field exercises. Considerable emphasis was placed on the use of tear gas dispensers, which look like flame throwers. In one rehearsal, half the troops fell back and put on their masks, while the other half remained on the ready with rifles and bayonets poised (Gas was not used during any major riot this year.)

Stung by criticism of mass Guard gunfire which resulted in innocent civilian casualties, the Guard is substituting the concept of minimum gunfire. Each squad of 12 to 15 men will have a "marksman" who will be the only one to fire at snipers. Maj. James Elliott, chief of the National Guard public affairs office, explains that "the idea is to get the job done with the minimum of force needed. In combat, massive firepower is often used to kill a sniper, but you have to be selective in American cities because everyone might not be the enemy like overseas."

During classroom sessions, Guard units have been given instructions on when firing is to be permitted. (There are indications that the Guard is not going to be as free in dispensing ammunition next summer as it was this year.) "If a rioter with a large stick who looks very dangerous is coming at you, you can shoot, but if he's carrying only a small stick and it looks like you can stop him, try to parry his stick with your bayonet," one officer told a class. Guardsmen have also been advised of their "legal rights" if they shoot a rioter. They will be "protected" by authorities if they kill or wound rioters in the line of duty.

Johnny Appleseeds

All that can be reported at the moment about the Democrats trying to prevent Lyndon Johnson's renomination in 1968 is that they are scattering a handful of seeds on fertile soil. The odds are against their reaping a harvest, but by next summer those odds may have changed. This is at least one possible inference from the finding by George Gallup that 20 million Americans once favorable to the war in Vietnam, have in the past two years come to see it as a mistake. Altogether some 46 million people, Gallup believes, now take this view. It is conceivable that Mr. Johnson, responding to this opinion, will find a way to reverse his field, so that he does not have to run as the leader of the war party. Nothing on the horizon, however, suggests our opponents in Vietnam are going to help him.

Meanwhile, anti-Johnson Democrats are stirring. Organizations have sprung up in, among other places, Wisconsin, New York and New Hampshire. Last week, Citizens for Kennedy in '68 opened a headquarters in Franklin, New Hampshire, to begin the Kennedy primary campaign. It is operating out of the law office of Eugene Daniell, a former mayor of Franklin. The group is ignoring Senator Kennedy's protestations of disinterest and going ahead with plans to elect a slate of delegates favorable to him in the March 12 primary.

The Concerned Wisconsin Democrats are taking a somewhat different tack – opposition to the President's renomination, but without a specific alternative. They are hoping that there will be no one running against the President in the Wisconsin primary in '68, because that will give voters the chance to vote yes or no for LBJ. (The election law in that state was recently amended to provide for "Yes" and "No" blanks on the ballot, thus giving the anti-Johnson Democrats of Wisconsin an alternative to boycotting the primary.) If the no's have it in the primary, the state's delegation to the national convention would go uncommitted.

CWD is headed by Donald O. Peterson, who was George McGovern's campaign manager in his successful 1962 Senate race. Until last summer, Mr. Peterson was a supporter of Lyndon Johnson. It is the war that has changed his mind, and he sees the primary as a test of antiwar sentiment in Wisconsin – a Vietnam referendum. "The party," he wrote Wisconsin Democrats, "can succeed only by attracting the millions of voters who see the war as senseless and futile, and as a waste of resources urgently needed here at home. . . . It is our hope that our campaign will show the voters that they need not leave the Democratic Party in order to work for peace."

A coalition of New Yorkers affiliated with Dissenting Democrats – an anti-Johnson organization active in Minnesota, California and elsewhere – is working

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through local New York City Democratic Clubs for the election in that state of as many uncommitted delegates to the Democratic convention as possible. They specifically oppose any effort to draft Robert Kennedy as premature, if not futile. Their strategy is to wait and see how much backing can be drummed up nationally for an anti-Johnson movement. If the various groups are successful, one of the coalition's leaders said, then "a meaningful Democrat will perhaps step forward. But certainly if we show absolutely no strength, we're not going to get any Democrat of stature" to oppose the incumbent's renomination.

Roughly the same tactic is being followed by the national Conference of Concerned Democrats, at present not much more than a gleam in the eye of a handful of workers, headed by Allard W. Lowenstein of New York, a vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action. But Mr. Lowenstein and an assistant have been touring the country, sounding out sentiment and setting up local committees, and they announced last week the convening of a gathering in Chicago the weekend of November 18, to map a national campaign. Mr. Lowenstein says that the organization expects eventually to have committees working in some 30 states.

All these efforts suffer from the handicap of having no single candidate around whom they can rally. The increasing speculation that Senator Eugene McCarthy is on the brink of making himself available as a challenger to Mr. Johnson may change this picture. A decision by the Senator to take on the professional Democratic establishment would be an act of considerable courage, for the power and the money that any candidate needs are now a near monopoly of Lyndon Johnson. Still, McCarthy may step forward, and the consequences of that would be fascinating.

Hicks in Boston

Nobody knows whether Louise Day Hicks, the North's leading representative of resistance to integration, will become mayor of Boston on November 7. Mrs. Hicks won the nonpartisan primary handily, tugging away an unexpected number of Italian votes, but the conventional wisdom holds that her victory rested on a solid core of lower- and lower-middle-class Irish votes that will not grow enough to overcome the popularity of her opponent, Massachusetts Secretary of State Kevin White. The theory is that Mr. White, now the hope of the forces defending the status quo, will pick up many of the votes that went to Mrs. Hicks' opposition in the 10-man primary – particularly those of John Sears, an energetic Republican who ran surprisingly well in a city where Republicans are in the same category as Whigs; and those of Edward J. Logue, Boston's redevelopment czar, who made a brief jaunt into electoral politics with the blessing, for what it was worth, of the incumbent mayor, John Collins. Mr. Logue and Mayor Collins are the architects of the New Boston, an ambitious urban renewal program – which is another way of saying that their careers in Boston politics are finished. The programs were not bad, as urban renewal programs go, but they were often handed down from city hall in a lordly way that frightened and dismayed people, black and white, in the small communities that make up Boston. Mr. Logue is a conscientious man, and he went to great lengths to sell his programs, sometimes listening to people scream at him for hours on end. But he has a planner's reluctance to let communities touched by urban renewal actually participate in the planning. This would have meant planning on a much smaller scale, which was unacceptable to him, and so the voters have had their revenge.

Both Mrs. Hicks and Mr. White are running cautious campaigns. The chief issue – race – is never discussed. (Only about 12 percent of Boston is black.) Mrs. Hicks has made a very good thing out of her efforts as a member of the Boston school board to prevent Negro children from being bused to underutilized white schools, and all she is saying to the voters in this campaign is: "You know where I stand." In the past she has shown an ability to profit from attacks on her by the high and mighty – the Kennedys, Cardinal Cushing, Martin Luther King – enabling her to put on the defensive armor of a friend of Boston's little people. So far Kevin White has managed to look neither high nor mighty, coloring himself as colorless as possible. He needs no weatherman to see the way the wind is blowing; recently he has taken to proposing that the Massachusetts law forbidding racially imbalanced schools be amended to preserve neighborhood schools – all white – for the first four grades.

A survey of those voting for Mrs. Hicks in the '65 school board election shows that her supporters were people who owned homes and lived in them for a long time; those opposed to her rented, and tended to move often. Her support comes from teachers and custodians, minor civil servants, stevedores and clerks, the residents of South Boston, Dorchester and Charlestown, Irish who didn't make it to the suburbs, a majority that by tradition sees itself as oppressed and now feels threatened. Mrs. Hicks' own world has none of the warmth of the Boston of *The Last Hurrah;* in her cold, smug bigotry she comes closer to the gray, shriveled, and dying world of *Dubliners.* Many of her school board supporters didn't have children in the public schools and didn't ever expect to; the same was true of those who were against her. Her political battles have always been tinged with unreality. She has never brought a tangible benefit to any of the

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people on whose fears and sentimentality she plays.

Mr. White is hoping that Irish conservatism will draw the line at a woman mayor; for the rest, nobody knows how deep race feeling is running after a summer of televised national violence. (Boston's "riot" early this summer was largely the result of police bungling.) If this ambitious woman is elected, she will probably try to set up a moderately conservative regime in city hall – she offered Mr. Logue his job back, which he refused. But she could never succeed. She has insulted the black people of Boston too deeply, and she is for this reason incapable of dealing with any of the racial issues that will preoccupy Boston's next mayor.

Stokes in Cleveland

Seth C. Taft, Republican candidate for mayor of Cleveland, insists he does not want voters to view the election as a racial contest. However, Carl B. Stokes, a Negro and Taft's Democratic opponent, wonders why, if the Republican does not want voters thinking that way, he so often reminds them of it. Unlike Mrs. Hicks of Boston, however, Taft, 44, a grandson of a former President and nephew of a former senator, has a lengthy civic record of goodwill in race relations. He has been a fair housing advocate and would like to be identified with Lindsay, Rockefeller, Javits and their kind. But the bulk of Taft's votes on November 7 will be his not because he is modern or Republican but because he is white.

Cleveland is a plethora of ethnic enclaves encompassing a huge black swath of nearly 300,000 Negroes. (Total population of Cleveland, 825,000.) Outnumbering the blacks are the Slovenians, Poles, Irish, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Italians, Germans and Slovakians. It was among the immigrants that Frank J. Lausche forged the political dynasty that in 1941 broke the city hall stranglehold of the Protestant Anglo-Saxons. In 1965, Stokes, then a 38-year-old state representative with a bachelor's degree from the University of Minnesota and a night law degree from Cleveland-Marshall, ran as an independent and finished 2,142 behind Rumania-born Ralph Locher in the race for mayor. During that campaign, Stokes concentrated on the heavily Negro East Side.

But this year, Stokes crossed the Cuyahoga River – Cleveland's polluted Mason-Dixon line – to woo the better educated, more affluent young whites of the West Side. His strength among the white voters in this month's primary was about four times greater than in the 1965 general election. He also captured about 96 percent of some 95,000 ballots cast by Negroes. Although Negro registered voters were outnumbered by more than three-to-two, nearly 75 percent of them went to the polls compared to about 60 percent of the whites.

Since Locher's defeat, the Democratic Party has grudgingly lined up behind Stokes. Backing him since early in the primary has been *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, the state's largest morning paper. Taft cannot be blamed if he feels a wee bit forlorn. Cleveland has but 40,000 registered Republicans and has not put one in the mayor's office since Harold H. Burton in 1939.

Stokes has healthy financial backing from Cleveland industrialists and financiers, including Cyrus Eaton, whose wife and mother-in-law work in Stokes' headquarters. Taft has run out of money for television spots, and is a lusterless campaigner, despite a baby elephant called Denny who stands by him on the hustings. By comparison, Stokes exudes dynamism, though he did not show his usual acumen when recently he purchased a home outside Cleveland in suburban Shaker Heights and insisted, "It is for my widowed mother." It probably won't hurt him. Taft is a suburban interloper from prestigious Pepper Pike who bought a Cleveland home weeks before the filing deadline.

President Dumping

The National Progressive Republican League set out in 1911 to prevent the renomination of President William Howard Taft in the following year. The League had also the purpose of promoting progressive principles in national politics. By a bare majority, Taft achieved renomination, but he was swamped in the election and his victorious opponent, Woodrow Wilson, in a degree during the campaign, more emphatically later, converted the Democratic Party into an effective instrument for the furtherance of progressivism. The exercise in revolt, in the long run by no means futile, might have triumphed completely had today's media of communication existed in 1912.

Taft had entered the Presidency with a mandate to advance the programs of his ebullient predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt. In office, Taft soon retreated from his commitment. An amiable man, a dedicated Republican, he became in the end an undiscerning captive of advisers who failed accurately to read either the needs or the temper of their time. Taft's record was not all

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bad. He made something of a mark as a trustbuster. He supported a version of federal regulation of business that would have seemed advanced to McKinley (the Eisenhower of the 1890's) but fell short of the demands of Roosevelt and of the progressives in Congress. Taft also permitted himself to endorse the self-serving prevarication of one cabinet officer, Secretary of the Interior Richard A. Ballinger, who was caught in his lie.

But primarily Taft stumbled because of his attempt to establish an impossible consensus intended to embrace both the old guard Republicans, with their allies and sponsors in the industrial community and in the Eastern establishment, and the insurgents, with their growing and impatient constituencies. By 1911, the President, worried by his increasing unpopularity, had enlisted wholly with the establishment, a political-industrial complex; put his future in the hands of a national committee that made party unity a cloak for combating dissent; and turned his back on those Republicans who had earlier opposed his course. Indeed the founders of the National Republican Progressive League did not take the offensive in the struggle for party control. Rather, they organized in large part to resist the hostile machine which the agents of Taft were building.

Though the President and his agents had already captured most of the delegates to the 1912 convention who were to be selected by state committees or caucuses, the League counted on carrying the few presidential primaries by margins sufficient to reveal public discontent with Taft and to elect a significant block of delegates pledged to Robert La Follette, a doughty reformer who lacked much national appeal. But many members of the League also hoped that Theodore Roosevelt, who persistently denied any interest in the Republican nomination, would change his mind and bring his charisma to the cause of revolt.

Roosevelt did. His hat reached the ring in January 1912, and to his side there rushed progressive congressmen and governors, men of idealism and men of money, and a number even of stalwart politicians who wanted to win. Best of all he attracted voters. His supporters managed to get several additional states to adopt presidential primaries. In a series of contests marked by growing bitterness and vituperation, Roosevelt demonstrated the strong preference of Republicans for him and for progressive goals. He deserved the nomination, but Taft's supporters controlled the machinery of the national convention, and behind closed doors they decided sundry contests over seats in favor of enough Taft men to guarantee the President's renomination. A strictly honest allocation would have seated enough Roosevelt men to assure a Roosevelt-La Follette bloc capable of defeating Taft. Had the 1912 Republican convention been televised, as was the convention of 1952, Roosevelt delegates would probably have gained the seats necessary to nominate their man. In that event there would have been no bolt, no Bull Moose.

Perhaps equally important, had Roosevelt conducted a less vituperative campaign, had he been less self-righteous and egocentric, his supporters, even after their setback, might have been able to remain in the convention to work out a compromise choice, possibly Hadley of Missouri, a candidate sympathetic, as Taft was not, to reform. Possibly only Roosevelt, the most popular American of his era, could have done as well in the primaries as he did, but even if some other anti-Taft man had run less well, his candidacy would have disclosed the disenchantment of the electorate with Taft and his policies.

That disclosure, which TR made especially emphatic, helped to remind the Democrats that 1912 was to be a progressive year. Had the Republican progressives confined their energies to attempting to write a reform platform, a platform that Taft was by temperament and practice bound to repudiate, the Democrats in 1912 could have afforded to select a tired and conventional candidate, perhaps Champ Clark or Oscar Underwood or some other prototype of a Dirksen or a Nixon. The vigor of Republican dissent in 1912 played a major part in the Democratic decision to choose a candidate of exceptional personal integrity and visible and persuasive progressive appeal.

While analogy in history provides only a loose metaphor, not a case, for contemporary action, Democrats in 1967 who oppose President Johnson's policies in Vietnam have reason to ponder the developments of 1912. The ADA decision to confine protest to an effort to write the platform ignores Mr. Johnson's ability, amply demonstrated since 1964, to repudiate his campaign promises. Lyndon Johnson can be an amiable man and his record is by no means all bad – indeed much of it is excellent. But like Taft, he seems now to be the captive of a situation he created, he supports the misleading innuendoes of one, at least, of his cabinet – his Secretary of State – and he allows his national chairman to make party unity the *summum bonum* of national political life.

Current progressive sentiment in the United States not only questions the wisdom of national policy in Vietnam but also blanches at the resulting inadequacies of national policies affecting urban, educational, racial and other issues, and the resulting embarrassments, too, in American diplomacy throughout the world. A league to advance reform principles at home and abroad, and to prevent Mr. Johnson's renomination, need not have in hand at once a strong alternative candidate. In those primary contests pending for 1968, one anti-Johnson candidate here, another there, if to-

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day's polls have any validity, could cut deeply into the President's delegate strength and, more important, provide a vehicle for a third or a half or more Democrats to express their disenchantment with the President and his dominant advisers. Indeed an initial success in that venture might even persuade a charismatic candidate to jump to the head of a growing parade. Vituperation need not be part of the campaign, nor corruption nor a bolt a part of the convention. An ultimate success at Chicago would give Americans the kind of Democratic candidate they deserve. Even the effort to nominate such a candidate would reveal the increasing opposition to the war and to attending confusions in national priorities. That revelation could not help but remind Republicans of the advantages in selecting a candidate attuned to the electorate. What is needed, and very soon, is dedication and courage, organization and energy. To leave the operative field of political protest to George Wallace and to the New Politics is to leave the country with a probable Hobson's choice in 1968. In that event, what is happening to the United States now, already saddening, may well become disastrous. AMERICUS

AMERICUS *is the nom de plume of a well-known historian.*

Defense: The Missile Nobody Needs

by William E. Jackson Jr.

The lead note ("Mad Momentum") in *The New Republic* of October 14 is on solid ground in suggesting that the official strategic reasoning for our decision to deploy a light anti-ballistic missile system is veneer; the decision is mainly understandable in terms of domestic politics. It is unfortunate that in some quarters praise for Secretary McNamara's restraint in opposing an extensive anti-Soviet ABM system has resulted in uncritical approval of the "Chinese oriented" ABM. For the Defense Secretary's argument for the latter is full of holes.

Testifying before the House Armed Services Committee last March, Mr. McNamara estimated that "a significant Red Chinese nuclear threat to the continental United States will not develop before the mid-1970's." He went on to state that "with respect to protection of the United States against possible Red Chinese nuclear attack, the lead time required for China to develop a significant ICBM force is greater than that required for deployment of our defense – therefore the Chinese threat in itself would not dictate the production of an ABM system at this time." McNamara even said that "it is not clear that we need an ABM defense against China." These statements were made in connection with the fiscal year 1968 budget presentation and the same line was reiterated by McNamara and his assistant for systems analysis well into the summer. Why then did the Administration change its mind in September and opt, "on marginal grounds," for an anti-Chinese ABM system? Was the switch due to a more threatening attitude on the part of China? Was the decision due to revised intelligence estimates of China's progress in nuclear weapons and delivery systems? A recent report by the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy (entitled "Impact of Chinese Communist Nuclear Weapons Progress on United States National Security") and statements by McNamara for the past year are in accord: Communist China will probably achieve some operating ICBM's with nuclear warheads by the early 1970's. But if there has been in fact a faster-than-expected pace in Chinese weapon programs (to which the Secretary of Defense does not wish to draw attention) *it is indeed remarkable that the United States, which seems satisfied that its deterrent is effective against the Soviet Union, should be so concerned about its ineffectiveness against a power whose resources are miniscule by comparison.*

One is led to one of two conclusions. Either the Secretary of Defense and his advisers do not believe in the deterrence concept ("the cornerstone of our strategic policy") as applied to the Chinese, or the new ABM system is basically, in effect, anti-Soviet. If "for as far ahead as we can foresee" with respect to China

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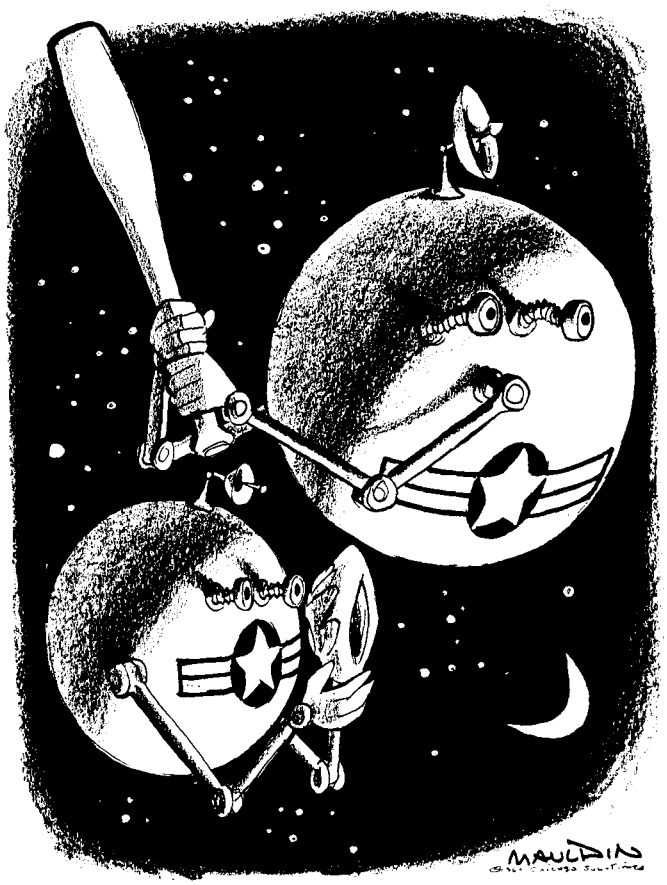
we will have "an overwhelming first-strike capability" (McNamara's words used in the sense that he means them: the ability to substantially eliminate the attacked nation's retaliatory second-strike forces), then there is no real need for an anti-Chinese ABM system – unless it is believed that deterrence might not work against the Chinese. If deterrence is expected to work against the Chinese, then the thin ABM system must be seen, primarily, as a means of strengthening our defense and offense against the Soviets.

In San Francisco last month, McNamara described China thus: "Despite the shrill and raucous propaganda directed at her own people that 'the atomic bomb is a paper tiger', there is ample evidence that China well appreciates the destructive power of nuclear weapons. China has been cautious to avoid any action that might end in a nuclear clash with the United States – however wild her words – and understandably so." But, after declaring that the United States has "the power not only to destroy completely her entire nuclear offensive forces, but to devastate her society as well," the Secretary of Defense went on to state that "one can conceive conditions under which China might miscalculate" and irrationally commit suicide by attempting a nuclear attack on the United States or our allies. (McNamara has since defined the "conceivable conditions" in a *Life* interview: "We can visualize a situation of tension between Red China and the US, brought about by some aggressive move by the Chinese. In that atmosphere, *it is conceivable that someone in their government would predict that the US was going to launch nuclear weapons to destroy their small and highly vulnerable missile force on the ground.* Under those circumstances, some in China might be tempted to recommend that they preempt – that they launch ahead of time, because otherwise they would not be able to launch at all." Italics added.) Therefore, concluded the Defense Secretary, "there are marginal grounds for concluding that a light deployment of US ABM's against this possibility is prudent."



Ultimate anti-missile defense in depth

But just how much security would an ABM system provide against a suicidal Communist China determined to inflict harm? Curiously, Secretary McNamara devoted a great deal of space to discussing US moves and Soviet countermoves in an arms race (over four-fifths of his September 18 speech was devoted to the Soviet threat and to a dialogue with the Russians), but did not discuss the "action-reaction phenomenon" in terms of Chinese reactions to US actions. The Chinese could decide to emphasize (or to build some) weapons against which ballistic missile defenses would be ineffective. If they should become deranged (the clear implication of the Secretary's reasoning) and choose to ignore our overwhelming retaliatory capability, they could send submarines with cruise-type missiles or nuclear-tipped torpedoes and launch attacks against our port installations and coastal cities – an attack with which an ABM system could not cope. (A missile submarine force would give them both a regional and an intercontinental capability less vulnerable to preemptive attack than first-generation "soft" ICBM's.) They could kill several million Americans before we destroyed them. If an ICBM attack against our cities is assumed, an area ABM defense could hold down casualties to small numbers. But another kind of surprise attack could do great harm. There is no absolute security against a deranged enemy.

There is, of course, another possible purpose for a US ABM system. It could serve to *marginally* strengthen our nuclear threat capability against the Chinese, and thereby give us more flexibility in possible future military interventions in Asia deemed to be in our national interest. (The role of our strategic nuclear forces is not as "intrinsically limited" as the Secretary would have us believe.)

It is in this light that Secretary McNamara's listing of another "advantage" of the anti-ballistic missile should be read: "It would provide an additional indication to Asians that we intend to deter China from nuclear blackmail. . . ." He is saying that once the Chinese are able to threaten the United States – that is,

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make us pay a price for coming to the aid of our allies – then an ABM system will be relevant to preventing Chinese "nuclear blackmail" against her neighbors and to permitting US intervention in Asia. Spartan long-range missiles in the ABM system could provide protection for our cities against Chinese *ICBM* threats into the 1980's. Their most harmful (to us) means of committing suicide would be stymied. We would have an option against the Chinese that we no longer hold against the Russians; the former couldn't touch us with ICBM's for approximately a decade and a half.

(To admit this advantage, however, is not to accept McNamara's speculation that China's "basic motivation in developing a strategic nuclear capability is an attempt to provide a basis for threatening her neighbors." Her motivation may be the same as ours: to achieve greater power and security in an uncertain world.)

An ABM system cannot serve to protect India or Japan or Vietnam from Chinese threats in the next five years or so. The Chinese already have (according to McNamara in his congressional testimony) some bombers which can carry nuclear weapons for several hundred miles. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy recently stated its belief that the Chinese have completed development of a medium-range ballistic missile. With this growing regional capability, the Chinese can strike at American bases in East Asia and threaten the cities of our Asian friends. This capability does strengthen the barriers against US military intervention in Asia. Existing deterrent forces had better work against this capability; an ABM system will have no relevance to it for five years.

Alternatively, if it is assumed that the Chinese are as "rational" as the other nuclear powers, the US decision to deploy a light ABM system can be seen – strategically – as an anti-Soviet action. There is no danger of the Chinese having either a first-strike or a second-strike capability (the ability to absorb a nuclear attack and still have enough bombers and missiles to inflict unacceptable damage on the attacking country) against us in the foreseeable future. But the Soviets do have an "actual and credible" second-strike capability against the United States. McNamara listed as a "concurrent benefit" of a Chinese-oriented ABM deployment the "further defense of our Minuteman sites against Soviet attack." This is rubric under which to hide a basically anti-Soviet action. An ABM system, as a supplement to the upgrading of our strategic offensive forces, can strengthen our military posture relative to theirs or at least enable us to hold our present position of superiority. On September 18 McNamara defined the present ratio of US nuclear superiority over the Soviets: "By using the realistic measurement of the number of warheads available, *capable of being reliably delivered with accuracy and effectiveness on the appropriate targets* in the United States or Soviet Union, I can tell you that the United States currently possesses a superiority over the Soviet Union of *at least three or four to one*. Furthermore, we will maintain a superiority – by these same realistic criteria – over the Soviet Union for as far ahead in the future as we can realistically plan." (Italics added.)

The short-range Sprint missiles in the ABM complexes will not be placed around our cities, but will be deployed around ICBM bases and radar installations to protect our second-strike capability against Soviet attack. Both the Sprint and the long-range Spartan missiles can provide the foundation for an extensive anti-Soviet ABM deployment. (Or they could blunt an attack from a decimated Soviet retaliatory force if the US decided it was necessary – the "worst plausible case"? – to preempt and launch our offensive nuclear forces at Soviet missiles, bombers and submarines.) It should, therefore, come as no surprise if the Soviets interpret our light ABM deployment as primarily a means of limiting damage by Soviet strategic forces. Mr. McNamara is using the ChiCom bugaboo to justify proceeding with an ABM system, while hedging US ability to more than match changes in Soviet strategic forces. Perhaps he is warning the Soviet Union that, if they go on with their ABM deployment, so will we – even against our better judgment. Given our "credible deterrent," it is an "incredible action."

The Joint Chiefs have not lost the argument for an extensive anti-Soviet ABM system; they have won a favorable compromise.

More alarming than the ABM decision is the radical improvement in our strategic offensive forces that is programmed for the near future. Examples: Minuteman III's, Poseidon missiles, MIRV's. In reacting to the steady increase in the *numbers of* Soviet ICBM's and their limited ABM deployment, it would appear that the Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs are not only rejecting strategic parity but are determined to edge nearer to a first-strike capability. The Soviets will certainly react to the scheduled improvements.

The final reason given by McNamara for the light ABM system is that it "would add protection of our population against the improbable but possible accidental launch of an intercontinental missile by any of the nuclear powers." Here, I can see some real (as opposed to imagined) need for an ABM network. We have been lucky so far. To the public's knowledge, the United States has not had to respond to an accidental launching of a nuclear weapon in our direction. On the other hand, an ABM system composed of 20 or so different batteries will add several more layers to the electronic and human controls which are bound to fail at some point. In a perceptive Tann cartoon, two Pentagon generals are pictured pondering over the

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design of a missile, and one is saying to the other: "Now, let's get this straight – is this the missile we send up to get the missile they sent up to get our missile we sent up to get theirs, or is this the one we send after the one they send up to get ours?" Atomic fallout could occur over our cities with one mistake.

The alleged cost of the light ABM system is subject to question. McNamara's estimate for an "austere ABM defense" against the Chinese was $3.5 billion in March. Six months later it is $5 billion (excluding $500 million for operational costs and $500 million for continuing research per year), based on "preliminary estimates." Does anyone really believe these figures? The Secretary of Defense himself has admitted (before the House Armed Services Committee on March 2) that initial estimates for such weapons systems "may be understated by 50 to 100 percent." Of course, the lower the public estimate in the beginning, the more attractive these weapon systems are to all concerned. (McNamara on September 18 made an astonishingly out of character statement: "If we could build and deploy a genuinely impenetrable shield over the United States, we would be willing to spend not $40 billion, but *any reasonable multiple of that amount* that was necessary." Italics added.)

Finally, Secretary McNamara's September 18 statement is weak and neglectful in its reasoning about the international implications of the ABM decision. He offers the sop that an anti-Chinese ABM system "would provide an additional indication to Asians that we intend to deter China from nuclear blackmail, and thus would contribute toward our goal of discouraging nuclear weapon proliferation among the present non-nuclear countries." But this is a pipe dream. Our deployment of an ABM system may simply encourage the NATO countries toward efforts to buttress deterrence through the development (or purchase) of their own ballistic missile defenses. And what is to keep India and other Asian countries from wanting their own missile defenses, especially if China decides to concentrate on a visible regional deterrent (based on medium-range missiles and bombers) instead of ICBM's?

In a brilliant treatise against the approaching decision to build an ABM, J. I. Coffey argued last spring (in *Foreign Affairs*) that, in addition to throwing a wrench into nonproliferation negotiations, a US decision in favor of deployment would adversely affect the quest for arms control because: (1) Some European countries, seeing both sides deploy ABM's, may again be concerned lest Europe become a battleground for the nuclear giants and grow more determined in their desire to develop national or regional nuclear deterrents; (2) ABM deployment will necessitate a complete reorientation of the US proposal for a freeze on strategic forces (because of the "action-reaction phenomenon") and will militate against further cutbacks in the production of fissionable materials because of the requirement for hundreds or thousands of nuclear-tipped missiles; (3) The desire for greater information concerning warhead effects will make it difficult for both the United States and the Soviet Union to give up the underground testing of nuclear weapons; and (4) At some stage in the expenditure of billions of dollars, one side or the other might feel compelled to try out the operational effectiveness of its long-range anti-missile missiles against incoming warheads. The latter would mean the abrogation of the nuclear test ban. All of these undesirable reactions are within the realm of probability once an ABM race is under way.

My main purpose here has been to challenge the strategic reasoning of the Secretary of Defense. But attention must be drawn to the domestic forces that influenced the shape and the timing of the decision. Indeed, *the entire strategic case* vis-à-vis *China seems to be the post hoc rationale of a decision compelled by domestic political pressures.* The ABM decision can be seen – in the poisonous political climate induced by the war in Vietnam – as one more gesture to the knee-jerk hawks in the Congress (Senator Russell hailed the ABM decision as "the best news the American people have had in years."), and simultaneously as an effort to rob the Republicans of an issue in the 1968 election. McNamara predicted on March 2 that the Chinese might conduct either a space or a long-range ballistic missile launching before the end of 1967. The Administration was demonstrating political "deterrence" in announcing the ABM decision before the Chinese act.

Certain basic political and economic forces have been let loose by this decision. In restrained terms, the Secretary of Defense has warned us of pressures "from many directions to produce and deploy the weapon out of all proportion to the prudent level required." McNamara was more specific in describing the political pressures in his congressional testimony of last March: "Even before the [ABM] systems became operational, pressures would mount for their expansion at a cost of still additional billions. The unprotected, or relatively unprotected, areas of the United States would claim that their tax dollars were being diverted to protect New York and Washington while they were left naked." As for the economic pressures, it has been estimated by Frederic Collins ("$30 Billion for Whom?" in *The New Republic* of March 11, 1967) that the prime contractors and subcontractors for the components of an ABM system have at least 300 plants and one million employees spread through 42 states (represented by 84 senators) and 172 congressional districts!

The weapons donnybrook has not been prevented; rather, the gates have been opened. Evidently strategic analysis can be prostituted by political pressures.

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What Ails America?

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Contemplating the American scene today – the disarray of foreign and domestic policies, the violence from above and below, the decline of the public institutions, the disengagement of the citizens from the purposes of the government, the decomposition of those ties of trust and loyalty which link citizen to citizen and the citizens to the government – one is reminded of the other two great crises which similarly put into question the very identity of America: the crisis of the 1860's and that of the 1930's. However, a comparison among these three crises puts the peculiar gravity of the present one into stark relief.

The Civil War was a conflict between the two geographically defined, incompatible conceptions of the nature of American government and society, strengthened within their respective geographic areas by the very fact of conflict. That conflict, manifesting itself in military terms, could be, and was, settled by force of arms. The victory of the North restored and strengthened beyond challenge the unitary character of the American government and established in legal terms the equality and freedom of all American citizens. Yet it is the measure of the failure of Reconstruction that in actual terms the drastic inequality which it was one of the purposes of the Civil War to confine, if not eliminate, was preserved and even accentuated in its aftermath. While Lincoln proclaimed that this nation could not endure half free and half slave, that is exactly as it has endured.

The crisis of the 1930's was similar to the present one in that it threatened to tear asunder the very fabric of American society. It was a crisis of the American purpose; it challenged the assumption of the uniqueness of America and suggested the failure of the American experiment. However, there were two escapes from the despair the crisis engendered: Marxism which drew the logical conclusion from the denial of American uniqueness and the apparent failure of the American experiment by promoting the class struggle which would transform the United States in the image of an equalitarian and libertarian utopia, and the New Deal which affirmed the American promise through radical reform and creative reconstruction.

It is the distinctive and ominous mark of the present crisis that it has produced no remedy consonant with the ideals of America. It could not have produced one, for the inability to do so is an element of the crisis itself. The democratic state is in a blind alley, and so is American democracy. America, then, suffers from two types of ailments: those it has in common with the other major democracies, and those which are peculiarly its own.

The general crisis of democracy is the result of three factors: the shift of effective material power from the people to the government, the shift of the effective power of decision from the people to the government, and the ability of the government to destroy its citizens in the process of defending them.

Throughout history, the ultimate safeguard of the interests and rights of the people *vis-à-vis* the government has been the ability of the people to overthrow the government by force, that is, to make a revolution. This ability was a result of an approximately equal distribution of the means of physical violence between the government and the people. Before the beginning of the century, roughly speaking, the government met the people, barring superior organization and training, on a footing of approximate equality. Numbers, morale and leadership then decided the issue.

This approximately equal distribution of military power between government and people has in our age been transformed into the unchallengeable superiority of the government. The government has today a monopoly of the most destructive weapons of warfare, and due to their centralization, the government can acquire instantly a monopoly of the most effective means of transportation and communications as well. Against such a monopolistic concentration of superior power, the people can demonstrate, protest, and petition, but they cannot overthrow it through revolution. Thus as long as a democratic government can count

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upon the loyalty of the armed forces, it does not need fear the wrath of the people exploding in revolution. What it must guard against is to be voted out of office.

However, the voting process, both in the legislatures and in popular elections, has lost much of the bearing it formerly had upon the substantive decisions of the government. For the most important decisions the government must render today, in contrast to the past, are far removed both from the life experiences and the understanding of the man in the street. A century ago, the issue of slavery was susceptible to the judgment of all; today the issue of integrating the descendants of the slaves into American society presents itself as an intricate complex of technical problems, to which the man in the street may react emotionally but with which only experts in the education, housing, urban affairs, welfare, and so forth can competently deal. Thirty years ago, the American people and their elected representatives could still have a competent voice in determining the military policy of the United States; today, Congress passes the $70 billion budget of the Department of Defense with essentially ritualistic scrutiny, giving the experts the benefit of the doubt. The great issues of nuclear strategy, for instance, cannot even be the object of meaningful debate, whether in Congress or among the people at large, because there can be no competent judgment without meaningful knowledge. Thus the great national decisions of life and death are rendered by technological elites, and both the Congress and the people at large retain little more than the illusion of making the decisions which the theory of democracy supposes them to make.

The great decisions which democratic governments are called upon to make are always justified in terms of the common good, that is, of the benefits which, at least in the long run, will accrue to the great mass of the citizens. Yet even where that justification obviously masks special interests or serves as an ideology for a particular class identifying its interests with those of the community, the claim had in the past a certain plausibility. For even a democratic government which only served the pursuit of the happiness of some of its citizens sought to preserve the life and liberty of most of them. In the last analysis, the performance of this elementary and vital function established in the eyes of the citizens the moral legitimacy of government. The government had a claim upon the citizens' obedience and allegiance because, at the very least, it made it possible for them to live.

It is the distinctive characteristic of the nuclear age that this moral foundation upon which the legitimacy of democratic government has rested in the past is no longer as firm as it used to be. A government armed with nuclear, biological and chemical weapons of mass destruction still intends to protect the life of its citizens against a government similarly armed. But in truth it cannot defend its citizens, it can only deter the prospective enemy from attacking them. If deterrence fails and he attacks, the citizens are doomed. Such a government, then, bears the two faces of Janus: insofar as it is able to deter, it is still its citizens' protector; if it fails to deter, it becomes the source of their destruction.

This new quality of modern government, precariously poised at the edge of the abyss of self-destruction, is vaguely felt, rather than clearly understood, by the man in the street. He beholds with awe and without confidence that gigantic machine of mass destruction which is anachronistically called the Department of Defense, and he wonders whether it will not cause his own destruction while destroying the enemy, and he also wonders whether a government so constituted still deserves the obedience and loyalty it claims and once deserved. If it is true that *ubi bene, ibi patria,* where is his fatherland?

These ailments from which all major democratic governments suffer are reinforced by the ailments peculiar to America. It is not just that the latter must be added to the former, but the peculiar ailments of America provide specific instances of the general crisis; they make it relevant to specific issues facing America; and they give those issues a general poignancy. Three such issues call for our attention: racial violence, Vietnam and the Presidency.

What the citizen suspects of the government's performance of its function as his protector against the foreign enemy, he has empirical proof of in his relations with his fellow citizens: the government is no longer able to perform its elementary function of protecting the lives of its citizens. It is unable to protect the Negro and his white sympathizer against the violence to which they are subjected by white racists and arbitrary law enforcement, and it is unable to protect the citizens from the violence which has erupted in the black ghettos and which is likely to erupt again and spread. And it is unable to put into practice the imposing body of legislation enacted by Congress for the purpose of integrating the Negro into American society and the poor into the productive economy. A government possessed of unprecedented power appears to be impotent in the face of the threat of social disintegration and the promise of social justice.

I shall not here repeat the arguments I have advanced for more than six years against our involvement in Vietnam by first warning against it and then pointing to its political aimlessness, military uselessness and risks, and moral liabilities. I only want to reemphasize, and enlarge upon, two points.

The war is not only politically aimless and militarily unwinnable in terms of the Administration's professed aims, but it also violates the very principles upon which

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this nation was founded and for which it has stood both in the eyes of its own citizens and of the world. It is an antirevolutionary war fought by a revolutionary nation. It is Metternich's war fought by the nation of Jefferson and Lincoln. As the President and the Secretary of the General Synod of the Netherlands Reformed Church put it on July 24, 1967, in a letter addressed to the National Council of Churches of the United States: "Hostilities in Vietnam have reached such proportions that the United States government's professed aim, *viz.* to stop the advance of communist influence in South East Asia and to establish a democratic regime in Vietnam, seems remoter than ever before. This is all the more alarming since the nation in whose behalf the war is supposedly being fought is being slowly but surely brought to ruin by the subtlety of the chemical and conventional weapons used and by the complete social, cultural, and spiritual dissolution with which it is threatened. A nation's 'liberation' is sealing its doom. If the United States really has the well-being of the people of Vietnam at heart, we are prompted to ask whether there is any point at all in continuing this war. . . .

"We Dutchmen and Dutch Christians and Churches owe our liberation from the yoke of cruel, anti-Christian oppression partly to your nation's willingness to sacrifice lives and property. Since the war, too, the Dutch and other nations cherished great hopes of the United States' contribution to the organization of a new community of nations. In view of this it is all the more regrettable that we are compelled to point out to you that your nation is losing the confidence placed in it, since it is [casting doubt on] the sincerity of its pleas for freedom and justice. . . . For that reason alone the United States should stop the war in Vietnam without delay by taking new initiatives."

Yet the United States is incapable of liquidating the war because of its faulty perception of reality and its unattainable goals. It acts upon the assumption that it is defending South Vietnam against aggression. If only North Vietnam left its neighbor alone, to quote Mr. Rusk's celebrated phrase, there would be no trouble in South Vietnam. For this reason, we are bombing North Vietnam, we plan to construct a barrier which is supposed to seal the South off from the North, we are willing only to negotiate with the government in Hanoi, and we might even invade the North. However, fruitful negotiations with the government in Hanoi are impossible not because we refuse to cease unconditionally the bombing of the North (this is really a side issue which both the supporters and opponents of the war have unfortunately made the crucial one), but because we seek to gain at the conference table what we have been unable to achieve on the battlefield: the destruction of the Viet Cong as an organized political force. Even if the government of North Vietnam were willing to hand us that victory, it would be unable to do so without the cooperation of the Viet Cong. The test of our willingness to liquidate the war will not be the cessation of bombing, but the establishment of a civilian government in Saigon which will inevitably negotiate a settlement of the war with the Viet Cong.

The waging of a war which runs counter to the national ethos and the inability of the most powerful nation on earth either to win or liquidate it has had a deleterious effect upon the prestige of the government and of the political system through which we are governed. If we had a parliamentary system, this Administration would not govern us today and its place would have been taken by an Administration not compelled by its psychological needs to proceed futilely from escalation to escalation in order to prove itself through military victory. As it is, the opponents of the war, within and outside Congress, can only raise their voices in warning and protest, they can collect signatures and table and even pass resolutions; but they know that they have no power to change the course of events. The only resort left to them is to work for a change in administration through the next elections, and they must hope, but can by no means be confident, that another administration will pursue a wiser course.

Thus they cannot help but ask themselves what kind of a democracy it is in which the will of the people and of their elected representatives counts for so little and in which a President and a few advisers, having acquired a vested psychological interest in the perpetuation of error, are allowed to persist in involving the nation in a disastrous war. We thought that this was the way absolute monarchies were run in times past. Thus Talleyrand could say in 1808 to Czar Alexander I: "The Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees are the conquests of France; the rest, of the Emperor; they mean nothing to France." We could say with equal right today: The integrity of the American territory and institutions, the Monroe Doctrine, the balance of power in Europe and Asia, those are the interests of America; the war in Vietnam is the President's; it means nothing to America.

However, the Administration must make it appear that our involvement in Vietnam is not the result of the errors in which the President and his advisers have persisted, but that it serves the vital interests of the nation. The obvious implausibility of these appearances has opened up what has come to be known as the "credibility gap." The people refuse to believe what the government tells them it is doing and plans to do. As they once credited Washington with not being able to tell a lie, so they almost take it for granted that President Johnson will not tell the truth. This lack of trust is not limited to official statements on Vietnam;

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it extends to all matters of public concern. For deception is being practiced not occasionally as a painful necessity dictated by the reason of state, but consistently as a kind of lighthearted sport through which the deceiver enjoys his power.

This withering away of the public's trust in the government might matter little to a totalitarian regime which can afford to govern through terror and the manipulation of the mass media of communications. Yet a democratic government cannot rule effectively, and in the long run it cannot rule at all, if it is not sustained by at least a modicum of the freely given support of the people and their elected representatives. In the American system of government, in particular, the President, by constitutional arrangement and political tradition, is the molder of the national will, the educator of the people, the guardian of its interests, and the protagonist of its ideals. The President is the incarnation of the nation-in-action; when the nation wants to know what it is about, it looks to the President to find out.

In that noble and vital mission, President Johnson has completely failed. For a time, he triumphed in that sphere of action in which he is a past master: the manipulation of Congress in support of legislation. Yet even these legislative triumphs have in large measure remained ineffectual; for the President, seeking an unattainable consensus and bent upon avoiding inevitable conflict, has been unable to marshal the popular energies necessary to implement the legislative enactments. And his failure as a national leader and the decline of his personal prestige have made him ineffective even in his dealings with Congress.

This personal failure is not just an issue between this particular President and the American people. It affects the vitality of the democratic process itself. If this Administration can be neither influenced nor trusted, why should one hope to influence and trust another one? If this is what the democratic process leads to, how good is democracy?

The combined impact these two sets of critical issues – the general ones common to all major democratic nations and the peculiarly American ones – have had upon American society has resulted in the present crisis of American politics. In order to assess the nature of that crisis, it is first necessary to consider the uniqueness of the American body politic.

America is unique in that it owes its creation and continuing existence as a nation not to geographic proximity, ethnic identity, monarchical legitimacy, or a long historic tradition, but to an act of will repeated over and over again by successive waves of immigrants. It was not natural or historic necessity that created America or Americans, but a conscious choice. This voluntary element in the American nationality accounts for a peculiar looseness in the social fabric of America, whose texture is subject to continuous change. In consequence, American society is singularly adaptable to changing circumstances. But it is also singularly vulnerable to disruption and disintegration.

Since America owes its existence to a series of successive choices, those who have chosen America are free to choose otherwise. That availability of choice is strikingly revealed in the emphasis of the Declaration of Independence upon the right to revolution as a universal principle, and, more concretely and personally, in what Abraham Lincoln wrote to Joshua Speed on August 24, 1855: "When it comes to this [the Know-Nothings getting control], I should prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretence of loving liberty – to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy." No other Western nation, with the exception of Spain, has since the French revolution had to reaffirm its very existence as a nation through a bloody civil war.

It is, then, not surprising that the combined impact the critical issues discussed above have had upon American society has been both disruptive and disintegrative. The refusal of large groups of politically conscious Negroes to participate in the life of white Americans amounts to the disruption of American society into two separate and hostile societies. The alienation of many intellectuals and the retreat of the more sensitive and morally committed youth from political life are indices of disintegration.

What these different movements have in common is a negative attitude toward American society and the American purpose which that society is supposed to serve. They do not work within American society in order to improve or transform it, or even to revolt against it. They offer no viable alternatives to the status quo, but only different ways of escaping from it. They have given up on American society and opted out of it. Theirs is a politics of despair, that is, no politics at all for America. "Black power" is a self-defeating futility born of such despair. Advocacy of an Afro-American society within an indigenous social, economic and paramilitary framework substitutes for the American purpose of equality in freedom for all citizens that very segregation, albeit with a positive content, which that purpose has been trying to overcome. The "New Left," the refusal to bear arms or pay taxes, the hippie movement, are protests against the political and social order, reassertions of individual choice outside the political order, or anarchism and return to nature à la Thoreau, albeit without any positive moral orientation.

Nobody will underestimate the seriousness of the disruption of American society through Negro separatism and hostility. But there is a strong tendency, officially inspired, to dismiss as inconsequential the apolitical and antipolitical attempts at escaping from American so-

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ciety and politics altogether. Most of the individuals who thus try to escape are not predestined for that role; they are not, as it were, the congenital nonconformists and eccentrics. Quite to the contrary, they would have been, if they had been given a chance, the pillars of society, the experts, the reformers, the politicians and statesmen, that is, the elite – small in numbers but irreplaceable in quality – from which a society receives its ability to grow, renew itself, live up to its purpose. That some of her best children have turned their back upon America, that the powers-that-be have reacted to that desertion either with equanimity or derision and vilification is a measure of the gravity of the American crisis.

A society threatened with disruption or disintegration can maintain itself in two ways: through a creative effort at reconstruction or through violent repression. The former is the democratic way, of which America and modern England provide examples. The other is the fascist way through which Germany, Italy and Spain maintained themselves as integrated societies. Yet these examples show that the two choices are available only in the initial stages of the crisis, that is, when the powers-that-be are tempted to close their eyes to the potential seriousness of the crisis. Once the destructive results of disruption and disintegration have become obvious, it is likely to be too late for democratic remedies. There is, then, an element of tragedy in such a crisis of democratic society: when it could still be saved by democratic measures of reconstruction, there appears to be no need for them, and when the need has become obvious it is too late for them.

It would be rash indeed to try to predict the outcome of the present crisis of American society. Yet whatever the outcome, the present trend toward violence rather than creative reconstruction is unmistakable. The white man in the street appears to believe that too much has already been done for the Negro, and he is afraid and in an ugly mood. The politicians translate that mood into calls for war against "crime in the streets" and for the defense of "law and order," that is, violence in defense of the status quo. On a higher level of sophistication, we are lectured on the merits of "The Politics of Stability" for an existentially unstable society, and liberals are asked to make "much more effective alliances with political conservatives" – an echo of the "*union sacrée*" through which the societies of Western Europe tried to save themselves in the interwar period.

On the highest level of authority and power, the trend toward violent repression rather than creative reconstruction coincides with the President's consensus philosophy. That philosophy, untenable both on theoretical and practical grounds (see my article in *The New Republic* of January 22, 1966), is readily available as ideological justification and rationalization for the formation of a phalanx of all law-abiding citizens protecting the established order from troublemakers of all sorts. Among them, the powers-that-be do not count only the Negro rioters but also the opponents of our involvement in Vietnam. The President and his supporters have time and again accused the dissenters of giving aid and comfort to the enemy, thereby strengthening from above, and giving an official sanction of sorts to, the trend toward disintegration operating on the individual level. If the powers-that-be have the courage of their convictions, they must sooner or later do openly what at times they have tried to do surreptitiously and what an organization ironically misnamed Freedom House has openly advocated: stifle the dissent which they equate with disloyalty or treason.

Finally, there exists indeed an organic relationship between the trend toward violence at home and our policies in Vietnam. For in Vietnam, too, we have had a choice between accepting as inevitable a national and social peasant revolution and destroying the revolutionaries through violent repression, and we have chosen to pound, thus far without decisive effect, an intractable problem into oblivion. In intellectual, moral and practical terms, nothing is indeed easier and less ambiguous than to deal with a social problem by oppressing and getting rid of the human beings who pose it. It is not accidental that many congressional advocates of violent repression in Vietnam represent states whose societies could not exist without the violent oppression of large masses, sometimes the majority, of their populations. Nor is it by accident that a retired Air Force General was, according to the *Anaheim Bulletin* of August 12, loudly applauded when he told his audience of American Legionnaires: "Military takeover is a dirty word in this country, but if the professional politicians cannot keep law and order it is time we do so, by devious or direct means." The problems we are facing at home are infinitely more complex and resistant to creative manipulation than those we are facing in Vietnam. Thus *a fortiori* the powers-that-be must be tempted to deal with our domestic problems as they are dealing with the problem of Vietnam: through the violence of impotence.

This is an ominous prospect. It can be avoided only if it is faced in time. We cannot afford the policies of consensus and stability which are the result not the condition of sound substantive policies and can be imposed upon an unstable and warring society only through violence. We need a supreme effort at radical reform creating unity and stability out of that dissension and unrest which are inseparable from radical reform. While I know that this is what we need, I have no idea how to bring it about. Could it be that we have exhausted our creativeness at solving social problems, or must we wait for history to afford us an opportunity at showing again what we can do?

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Hue and Cry*

Perhaps *this* is the way the world ends: neither with a bang nor a whimper but wrecked on the color bar. It seems clear that race is increasingly replacing all the ancient bases of conflict: religion, glory, patriotism as such, even political beliefs as such. German National Socialism had a racial basis, and it is amusing to conjecture about the future of the non-Aryan Italians and Japanese if the Germans had won the Second War. Now the lines are more and more sharply drawn on the question of race – throughout the world and within numerous countries. Where there is color trouble, property and power rest with the whites. The whites know by now that where they are fighting to retain power, they are also fighting literally for survival.

Nowhere has this fact been faced more candidly than in South Africa. *House of Bondage*, a large picture book with substantial text,* substantiates this candor. The photographs and text are by Ernest Cole (with Thomas Flaherty's assistance in the writing), and there is a good introduction by Joseph Lelyveld, who was *The New York Times* correspondent in South Africa until the government forced him out last year. Cole is a young South African, a journalist and photographer, who has emigrated (by pretending to be a Lourdes pilgrim) and who managed to take thousands of his photographs with him. This folio volume includes some excellent dozens (including frank ones of black police and the small black middle class), arranged by various aspects of *apartheid*, with a pungent short essay on each aspect. Very clearly these are battle pictures of an open war, in which one side has weapons and the other has only the weight of numbers, the sheer bulk of their bodies.

The liberal reader's first reaction is that such a book is superfluous: he knows that *apartheid* is horrible. There is, admittedly, no need to break the news of venomous oppression in South Africa. But Cole's photographs – aided by the text – make it harshly vivid, in a way we have no right to call unbearable. (A few years ago Lionel Rogosin's documentary film, *Come Back, Africa*, contained some similar material. All the footage had to be smuggled out.) But it is not horror, isolated and abstract, that is recorded here: it is horror for a devout purpose.

The whites have an ultra-simple attitude toward the blacks: keep them powerless. This means keep them unorganized, unpolitical, and poor. All laws about passes (identity papers), employment, education, drinking, and dwellings are made to that end. Directly and indirectly, even propagation is interfered with. The half-million miners, who are signed on for many months at a time, live in male barracks for the term of their contracts. Lelyveld tells of a new suburb in which black men and women who work as servants will live in separate hostels. Well, if you were one of three million whites determined to keep power at any cost in a country of 13 million blacks – and by the year 2000 it is expected to be six million whites and 36 million blacks – what would *you* do?

Cole puts the root of this tragically doomed situation in one passage:

> "When I say that people can be fired or arrested or abused or whipped or banished for trifles, I am not describing the exceptional case to be inflammatory. What I say is true – and most white South Africans would acknowledge it freely. *They do not pretend these things are not happening.* [Italics mine.] The essential cruelty of the situation is not that all blacks are virtuous and all whites villainous, but that the whites are conditioned not to see anything wrong in the injustices they impose on their black neighbors."

This attitude is ingrained. Colin Legum writes in *Daedalus*, Spring 1967:

> "An 18th-century Dutch governor reporting on the attitudes of the early settlers said: 'They describe themselves as humans and Christians, and the Kaffirs and Hottentots as heathens; and by believing this they permit themselves everything.' Although present-day white attitudes are usually expressed in a more sophisticated way, this assessment remains an adequate description of the general attitude of the white electorate in whom all constitutional power resides."

This view, Roger Bastide points out in the same issue of *Daedalus* (an invaluable issue – on the subject of *Color and Race*), has its basis in Calvinism, in the views of the Dutch Reformed Church. As Max Weber shows us, it is especially cozy to have one's tenacity of power and property thoroughly swaddled in rectitude.

When I mentioned the Cole book to an American Negro friend, she said that matters are basically no different in this country, they are just less overt. I think there is some truth in this, to the extent that the Afrikaners are acting out the unacknowledged dreams and fantasies of many white Americans. But the difference between overtness and covertness makes for another difference. The American crisis is the result of the contrast between professions of equality and actual practice. There are no South African professions of equality – not even in the relatively liberal Verwoerd's plans for Bantu separation. If the present South African situation continues, there will not be a crisis like ours, there will simply be an explosion.

My friend is right, however, in the sense that the very deepest barrier is identical all around the world – a psychical barrier: whether it is the Afrikaner's conviction that life and salvation itself are bound up with keeping the Bantu down or whether it is the American liberal's irritation because the Negro keeps asking for more even after he is represented on the Supreme Court and the Mets. The world is moving toward the baring of that fundamental

(Continued on page 37)

* *House of Bondage*, by Ernest Cole with Thomas Flaherty. Introduction by Joseph Lelyveld (Ridge Press – Random House; $10)

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Dorothy Richardson's Pilgrimage

by Mary Ellmann

The manly, forthright fellows won't ever have much to do with Dorothy Richardson. One hears them now, droning down the years: Can't read that stuff. Women's wear. No balls. No grizzly bears. Chirping females. London by bicycle. Love me, love my menopause. Boiled eggs at the ABC.

Unfashionably, nothing about her assaults the mind, she is alien to both racket and rhetoric.

Her life must seem to us deplorably English – discreet, obscure, eventless. She was born in 1873, a girl instead of a boy. Her parents never seemed to get what they wanted, or even to keep what they had. The father lost his money, the mother lost her mind. At 17, Dorothy Richardson took her first job, as a pupil-teacher (of English) in a German girls' school. She was more or less fired, after a few months, and went back to England. She was a schoolteacher again, then a governess, then a dental assistant. Perhaps she is the first dental assistant in the world who has written thirteen consecutive novels. Odd suitors, including the dentist, made brief and inconclusive motions. A Russian emigré was considered as a husband, H. G. Wells was accepted as a lover. In 1917, when she was 44, Miss Richardson married an artist, Alan Odle. Of course they had no children. They lived together until Odle died in 1948. Mrs. Odle (a name she understandably avoided) died in 1957, when she was 84.

Pilgrimage
by Dorothy M. Richardson
(Knopf; four volumes, $30)
and
Dorothy Richardson
by Horace Gregory
(Holt, Rinehart & Winsons; $4.95)

She published her first novel, *Pointed Roofs*, in 1915 and her last (as she thought), *Dimple Hill*, in 1938. Now, with the reissue of them all as *Pilgrimage* in four volumes, *March Moonlight*, which she left unpublished, is added to the rest. The novels describe a young Englishwoman's life between the years 1891-1912, from that first teaching job in Hanover to the last job, begun about 1911, of writing novels.

But it is much debated whether these are novels or sections of autobiography. The heroine provides the obvious Miriam Henderson-Dorothy Richardson link. But that is trivial, just two dactyls like those two recent trochees, Stephen Rojack-Norman Mailer. Here, though, the interchange between character and person is trance-like, possessive: one or the other, it is hard to tell which, must always have been in critical need of exorcism. The silent surface of the actual life is like Proust's – they both seem, for long periods of time, incomprehensibly absent. Neither could inhabit the past and the present simultaneously. Dorothy Richardson consequently admitted, in the course of writing, her reluctance to write at all. *Then* robbed her of Now, she could not retrieve a chair from the past without missing a present table. Then why retrieve a chair? Who needs it? What comes of it? Nothing but the chair, the "everlasting possession" of the object-in-words.

How feminine! Objects, things, hairpins, pince-nez, "the profound materiality of women." *Pilgrimage* is advertised as delving into "the feminine psyche" and "what it means to be a woman." Pity the poor bridegroom who reads it to find out. A pity too to describe it that way, since of all delves this one has become, in prospect, the most tedious – and since Dorothy Richardson is the least womanly, in any snug sense, of all women novelists. She looks into cradles and kitchens the way people look at the moon: Interesting, someone should go there. If she explicates femininity, it is by way of *consciousness* – which tends to be embodied, in one shape or the other. The book is not like copulation but birth, when males and females are swung by their similar feet, and remark the universe. "Current existence, the ultimate astonisher." "Mere existence, the amazingness of there being anything anywhere." The first, rather frightening point: there are things and there are persons to take them in. What is it like to take them in?

Each of us knows, but assumes it is aimless to say. What matters, our novels still insist, is what people do, or what they do to each other. Their relation to things is peripheral, phrase-filling:

> "Between mouthfuls of his frog's leg, he said, 'But she loves me. Don't you understand why I feel responsible?' "

But if, in memory, it is the argument rather than the food which seems peripheral, then it is the food which must be told, and told in such a way that it cannot be confused with the argument (must we have frogs every night of the week?) and cannot be dismissed as nothing or nonsense. It is consistent with all her solitary and impassible ways that Dorothy Richardson should have found the words for her peculiar purpose, and dared to write them. We are not entirely at ease with them – they still seem eccentric, unnatural. The natural style for us is hot and thrashing – nothing becomes something through impact, through climax. Death before mere receptivity! Violate violence! And the only alternative to riot is investigation. Who's to blame? The novelist decides, laboriously: Look at this man. He's stupid, he eats Hydrox cookies, he'll never amount to much. But he's not *bad*, and his wife is. She's horrid, she makes moral judgments. No one, but no one, should make moral judgments. This wife will freeze to death in a snowdrift for having made hers.

It is from such forms of fictional ac-

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tivism that Dorothy Richardson removed herself. She dismissed all prize fights and decisions in the novel as "statements" – fuss, pother. None of her characters seems *conceived* or *developed*. They appear suddenly, unidentified and yet unmistakable, they disappear and sometimes reappear. Differences between them are neither reconcilable nor irreconcilable, though they are differences. Windows and doors are different too. Situations are closed rather than resolved. There is no progress beyond the accumulation of memories. And these are, strangely, all that matter – memories, and being alive to accumulate more. The most important are those that return to the mind without effort, filling it with past, particular circumstances. To write is to retain those circumstances. Other memories, as of moral issues between people, betray their insignificance by being difficult to reach. Better to let them go.

The valued memories have in common, too, a resistance to interpretation (they signify only themselves) and to import (other minds would think them beneath notice). One is from childhood: a path between flowers, the flowers above the child's head, bees criss-crossing the "blazing alleys." Another is a side room in a German church. The room is small and whitewashed. Another is some ivy on a windowsill. Miriam Henderson has just been jilted by a French ex-priest: a nasty shock, but she will remember the ivy longer than the priest. Another is the sound of a door closing, recognized at once as "immortal."

Of course, it sounds like William Wordsworth in a bustle, picking bouquets of intimations, leech-gathering again. But actually, there is nothing clerical or long-jawed about it. These are only the most blinding of the continuously bright impressions. And perhaps the most static: the characteristic tempo of *Pilgrimage* would have unsettled Wordsworth. In fact, it must unsettle everyone. Why is it always called a *stream* of consciousness? Nothing could be more convulsive, one *petit mal* of words after another. A "general impression" is criticized in the fifth novel, *Interim:*

> "Poured chaotically out, it would sound to them like the ravings of insanity. All contradictory, up and down, backwards and forwards, all true."

And yet, general impressions are the only business of *Pilgrimage*, choice or selection is an "impotent irrelevance." Three women have asked Miriam Henderson if she likes the Pernes:

> "Yes would be a lie. No would be a lie. Any statement would be a lie. *All statements are lies.* I like the Pernes better than I like you. I like all of you better than the Pernes. I hate you. I hate the Pernes. I, of course you must know it, hate *everybody*. I adore the Pernes so much that I can't go and see them. But you come and see us. Yes; but you insist. Then you like us only as well as you like the Pernes; you like all sorts of people as well perhaps better than you like us. I have nothing to do with anyone. You shall not group me anywhere. I am everywhere. Don't sit there worrying me to death. . . ."

Exhausting. And sometimes girlish (Oooo.) or snobbish (Is *everyone* at this tea party a Cockney?) or suffragette (*Men* can't get on together) or obnoxious (I *couldn't* have Jewish children) or simply febrile. Between novels one must take aspirin. But the density of the words is incredible, the crowding and elbowing of perceptions, the eloquent impatience – like an Italian traffic jam. One begins to think like her. Amazingness. Talent. Crazy, inhuman, *whirring* talent.

Its inhumanity was the only moral issue which impeded her. Like the past and the present, places and persons could not stay together. It was impossible to be with both, and impossible to choose to be with persons. But not to choose to be with them was perilous; and perhaps evil:

> "Emerson would have hated me. But he thinks evil people are necessary. How is one to know whether one is really evil? Suppose one is. . . . Can anyone be thoroughly happy and thoroughly evil?"

A spasm of compunction. But irrepressibly, the general impressions run off again, throwing people out of their way. Miriam Henderson has trouble attending even to what people say – the movement of their jaws and the shape of their vowels mean more than their words.

And all the while, Miriam's own words are silently leaping and jerking in response to the jaws and the vowels, recoiling from their messages. Toward

Desert Scene

One day a derelict dromedary
Hailed an unwary cassowary:

"I'll bet the skin right off this hump
That you can't swallow that one lump

Of redolent radioactive salt
And not bring life to a suddent halt."

The wild bird, avid to be victor,
Wolfed down the stuff like a boa constrictor.

Looped and wobbled, wheeled and spun,
A mad, abandoned cyclotron,

Then sank to the sand in a wasted heap
And lapsed into a lasting sleep,

Having ingested there and then
More strontium-90 than most men,

Who would not dream of being tricked
By such a devious derelict.

WILLIAM JAY SMITH

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the end, in *Dimple Hill* and in *March Moonlight*, after she has had a breakdown, the Quaker religion seems, tentatively, a bearable union of things and persons. In their "meetings," Quakers were alone and together, each engaged in his own mute monologue and yet aware of the others' silent consideration of his silence. Nonetheless, it is ominous that this agreement seems cramped and effortful. People got at Dorothy Richardson after all. Henry James, for one. There are great mattressy lumps of James in *March Moonlight* – funny to read, but sad too. Perhaps it was just getting old, even the "lymphatico-nervous" talent must go down to comparative dumpiness and dependence. Still, one can understand her carrying that last manuscript around with her all those last years. Like an arthritic arm that one holds close to the body, remembering animated gestures.

Horace Gregory's *Dorothy Richardson* is a short, sensitive study of her biography in relation to her autobiography. The obliquity of *Pilgrimage* is at once fine and frustrating: the facts which Mr. Gregory contributes help to open the book. He was allowed by a sister-in-law, Rose Isserlis Odle, to read Dorothy Richardson's letters and other family papers. These clarify the two areas of her life of which she did not speak: childhood and marriage.

The description of the husband, Alan Odle, is especially interesting. He looked (and evidently felt) like a Giacometti statue. He was tubercular and spoke in a "satirical" manner. Mr. Gregory proposes that Dorothy Richardson married him to do penance for her mad mother's death. (Her mother had cut her throat in the absence of her nurse-daughter.) But the penance turned into pleasure: Odle regained his health, and the two got on nicely. He didn't like excitement and she didn't like noise, so they seldom quarreled or went anywhere. A long, calm contract.

The final chapter of this book, which discusses Dorothy Richardson's connections with both the romantic and neo-realist traditions, will supplement Leon Edel's discussion, in *The Modern Psychological Novel*, of her connections with Proust and Joyce.

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Gene, Not Joe

by Gerald W. Johnson

Let the nobility and gentry relax – this is not Joe, it is Gene who, although a Senator, and although named McCarthy, had no part or parcel in creation of what the world knows as McCarthyism. Indeed, the McCarthy from Minnesota is the antithesis of the one from Wisconsin in his attitude toward secret police power. Gene distrusts and dreads it. His book may fairly be described as a series of variations on a theme by Acton, the famous, "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Power to destroy with impunity is absolute, so it is logical enough that employment of the assassin, shooting from ambush, has come to be the symbol of utter corruption in government. From the Old Man of the Mountain and the Borgia to Al Capone of Chicago and the Purple Gang of Detroit, murder as an instrument of policy dissolves the allegiance of honest men to any government that practices it.

The Limits of Power
by Eugene J. McCarthy
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $5.95)

All this is commonly regarded as so old, and so solidly established, that a superficial observer may wonder why an intelligent man should write a book about it. But it is only superficial observation that deems solidly established our objection to physical and still less to character assassination. In times of relative calm we do indeed detest the poignard and the poisoned dart as political arguments, but when terror is the Order of the Day, our objection melts, vaporizes and blows away. Witness the way in which James Bond, the hired killer, has become a towering folk-hero because it is assumed that professional killers are our only effective protection against the monsters of our nightmares. The army, the navy, the air force on our borders, and the organized and disciplined police within, are presumed to be mere pasteboard defenses against nameless, faceless and insidious menaces lurking in the dark.

Joe McCarthy professed to believe it, but Gene can't. His view is that any government that condones, even if it does not practice the principles of thuggee thereby assumes a risk greater than the risk of invasion and conquest, to wit, the danger of forfeiting the respect of its own people, for respect is the only firm foundation of allegiance. He is alarmed, and the genuineness of his alarm is attested by the fact that there is no political profit in it. On the contrary, this book is certain to bring upon him the disfavor of the secret police, which can be a serious thing.

At the same time, he is neither a romantic nor a mystic. He is sharply aware that this is the only world in which we can live, and that we inhabit this one for relatively few years, hence we must take an interest in the short run, as well as the long one. In the long run it may be true that love is the only effective persuader, but in the short run shrapnel works passably well. In the world as it exists at present, international relations are conducted with only lip-service to honor, faith, and common honesty, and with only occasional, usually brief, flashes of intelligence. As long as others "fight with stink-pots and contagious diseases" it is and probably will remain necessary for the United States to maintain a considerable stable of sneaks, snoopers and key-hole peepers, or so Senator McCarthy seems to imply.

He does believe, however, that the more unrestricted power is given this outfit, the more corrupt it will become, and if it were given absolute power it would wreck the republic. Presenting nothing new and startling, using only information that has been published in the newspapers or in government reports available to anyone who will take the trouble to read them, he offers an appalling picture of the extent to which power has slipped from the hands of the duly elected officials and into those of the military-industrial complex that alarmed even Eisenhower who had fostered it. Misleading and misinforming Congress, State, and the White House it has, directly or indirectly, produced the Bay of Pigs fiasco, the Vietnam involvement, and the Dominican tragi-comedy, not to mention an unknown number of minor follies. McCarthy doesn't mention the deadly parallels, but similar coalitions backed Mussolini in Italy, Hitler in Germany, and Tojo in Japan, and what eventually happened to all three nations may give us pause.

Senator McCarthy is pursuing no vendetta. It is pretty evident that he regards the Dulles brothers, John Foster and Allen, as calamitous, but he has no disposition to pillory Eisenhower, Kennedy, or Johnson. He is fair to Rusk, and he gives Acheson if anything more than his due. He apparently regards them all as victims of a system that is increasingly vicious, not at all as lurid sinners. But the fact remains that he is alarmed and alarming and the only avenue of escape seems to him to be an early and marked increase in imagination and courage in both the legislative and executive branches.

A fair hope, but it leaves one wondering. Lyndon B. Johnson is certainly not a synthesis of all virtues, but neither is he a compound of all vices. In intelligence, integrity, and patriotism he is well above the run-of-the-mine politician and, barring the unpredictable advent of some colossus, he approaches the stature of the best that we have or are likely to get. Yet the self-confidence of Americans at home, and their national reputation abroad have both sunk to a deplorable level in recent years – so low, indeed, that Truman looms gigantically in our memory.

Thus the question arises, should thoughtful Americans be scrutinizing their politicians, or their political institutions? The three branches ordained and established in 1787 have carried the weight of the republic triumphantly as far as 1967. But the weight of the empire is far greater than that of the republic. Our military and economic power in the world, while not absolute, is very great, and Acton would say that the spread of corruption must be correspondingly great. It can be checked only by political institutions whose strength is equal to their load, and recent history has been raising more and more doubts about it. It is a point that the people should begin to take into consideration, and an excellent starting point is this book by McCarthy – Gene, not Joe.

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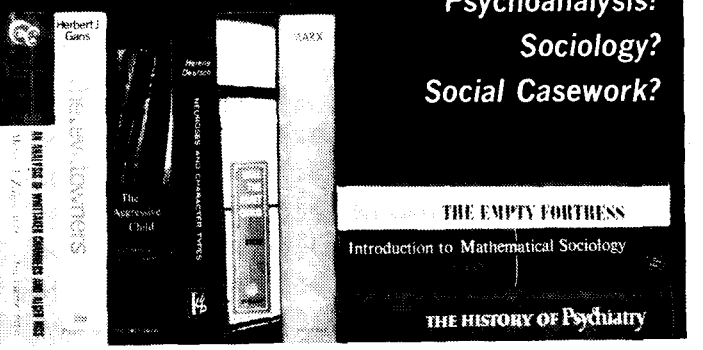

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The Making of a Geopolitician

by John Lukacs

George F. Kennan's *Memoirs* begin with his student years; he was far from having been an exceptional student in Princeton but during his first years abroad his real aspirations, toward study and writing, crystallized. He was not yet twenty-five when, dissatisfied and depressed with the prospects of a career in diplomacy, he was about to resign from the Foreign Service in order to devote himself to the broad study of contemporary history and international relations. Fortunately it was then revealed to him that he could continue his studies, especially of modern Russia, in Berlin, under the then training program of the State Department. During the two exceptionally eventful and dramatic decades that followed, Kennan served his country in Tallinn, Riga, Prague, Lisbon, London, twice in Berlin, and twice in Moscow. Because of the sudden public receptivity to some of his opinions in 1946 he became well-known; he was then called to Washington where he exercised an important influence during a fateful phase of American history. Again, but on a deeper level, he grew depressed with the general conduct of foreign policy in the American democracy. In 1950 he retired to the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. These memoirs end with this turning-point in his life.

Memoirs 1925-1950
by George F. Kennan
(Little, Brown; $10)

Those who are acquainted with Kennan's articles and books will not be surprised to find the quality of fine writing in his *Memoirs*. There are, however, certain surprising things in this book, all of them agreeable. Kennan was a compulsive writer from the beginning, though not necessarily with the purpose of publication. It now appears that he kept a detailed diary during most of his life. These *Memoirs* are interspersed with long passages from his diary and from other papers. Some of these passages consist of impressions of places and persons; others are political and historical in character. Almost without exception they reveal not only their author's excellence of mind but an early and consistent addiction to good style:

> "The windows of the apartment in the Giesebrechtstrasse looked back into the pitlike courtyard, called the garden. There were a few trees there, and a bit of grass; also the garbage cans and an incredible number of tawny, dirty cats. On summer nights one heard the cats and occasionally the faint roar of the elevated trains on the Stadtbahn. On warm Sunday mornings, people would sit out on their high, iron balconies, with coffee and the Sunday papers, and there would be a virulent chorus of radios, playing church music and Wagnerian operas mixed with strident . . . jazz."

This is Berlin, 1931. There are many such descriptions, of Riga in 1932, of Wisconsin towns in 1936, of Prague in March 1939 and of Moscow.

These memoirs reveal facets of this exceptional American which may have been unknown even to some of his admirers. Who would imagine that George Kennan, when in college, "went away and wept unmanly tears" as he read "the hauntingly beautiful epilogue" to *The Great Gatsby*? or that he couldn't resist, "weakly," as he says, marking a leftover recommendation from his own pen with the notation: "I find this a good idea," before the paper would disappear in the State Department files? In Siberia Kennan and a Russian host "visited a circus, watched a lady put her head in the lion's mouth, and after having a good second look at the lady agreed – to our great mutual satisfaction – that we were lost in admiration for the courage of the lion." Bravo.

This is not all, of course. For this book may well be not only a most excellent memoir but the single most valuable political book written by an American in the 20th century – because of its instructiveness. It is in

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this respect that, for example, these Kennan memoirs surpass even Harold Nicolson's diplomatic work. There is a high seriousness in Kennan which his otherwise excellent English counterpart approaches only on occasion. For it is not only because of Kennan's acquaintance with great events, institutions, persons, and because of his acute insight into them, that these memoirs are exceptional: it is because of their frequent exposition of a political philosophy, the range and the depth of which go far beyond Nicolson's urbane and thoughtful attempts to remind his countrymen of the realities of international affairs.

This political philosophy is, in an important sense, profoundly conservative. I am using this now often meaningless adjective in its original and traditional sense. History, tradition, the existence of national character, the constants of human nature, and the uniqueness of European civilization are pillars of Kennan's personal beliefs. He thinks little of science, technology, planning, One World, mass democracy, economic determinism. Liberals and progressives will not like this book, and not only because of Kennan's granite refusal to entertain illusions about the Soviet system. ("Never – neither then nor at any later date," he writes about 1933, "did I consider the Soviet Union a fit ally or associate, actual or potential, for this country.") The sentimental idols of the liberal international – the Causes of Czechoslovakia, League of Nations, Iberian republicanism, Latin-American democracy – leave Kennan cold and skeptical. He admits his respect for the Catholic Church and the Hapsburg Empire; indeed, he recognizes that the Nazi regime, instead of having been reactionary, was something frighteningly modern. "If Germany had indeed set the clock back" as so many Americans then claimed, he writes in 1940, "we could be happier, for there is hardly a stone on the continent of Europe which does not speak of the superiority of the past. But what has happened has been no setting back of the clock." The few real fools who appear in these pages (there are few, because Kennan often strains to be generous) are people such as Joseph E. Davies, Edward Stettinius, the eagerbeavers of the wartime Treasury Department in Washington, and the conclaves of liberal professors at Berkeley. But then, Kennan has nothing in common with the unhistorical and ideological tendencies of that kind of radical nationalism which goes under the name of conservatism in the United States, and which became almost identical with a thoughtless and frenzied kind of anticommunism during the cold war. And here we come to an important point.

The modest fame that became attached to Kennan's name originated in 1946-47, at the beginning of the cold war. There have been a number of books lately about the origins of the cold war. Their authors, for the first time, attempt to adduce evidence in order to blame American policies as much as Soviet ones for the beginning of that fatal conflict little more than twenty years ago. The more thoughtful among these writers sometimes suggest – and not without reason – that the years 1945 to 1947 mark the crystallization of the kind of American global interventionism which has now led, among other things, to our tragic predicament in Vietnam. Now George Kennan has been second

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to none in deploring the ravages of the American illusions of omnipotence and of omnipresence. But it is instructive to remember from these pages that during those fateful years Kennan's principal criticism of American foreign policy was the exact opposite of the recent cerebrations by young liberals. The trouble was not that Washington's opposition to Stalin's ambitions was exaggerated; the trouble was that it was inadequate; and that it did not develop early enough. In Kennan's opinion, the moment "when, if ever, there should have been a full-fledged and realistic showdown with the Soviet leaders" was during the Warsaw uprising crisis, in the early autumn of 1944 – a conclusion which this disdainful opponent of anti-communist ideology reached long years before Dulles and Taft and Eisenhower and MacArthur and McCarthy. Throughout the war years Kennan was impatient not only with the liberals but with the "disgraceful anti-British and pro-Soviet prejudices that certain of our military leaders had entertained" – in many instances the very same people who were to make ponderous preparations for the "inevitable" war with the Soviet Union a few years later.

Fox said about Burke that he was "a wise man; but he is wise too soon." The art of politics is the art of timing, but much more so in our times than in the age of Burke and Fox. It is a melancholy thought that the instruments which brought Kennan influence and fame in 1946 and 1947 – the so-called "Long Telegram" and the "X" article – are among the more ideological and general, and among the least Kennanesque and specific, of his political papers. Suddenly: "My reputation was made. My voice now carried." And how did this happen? It is worth listening to what he says about this:

> "Six months earlier this message would probably have been received in the Department of State with raised eyebrows and lips pursed in disapproval. Six months later, it would probably have sounded redundant, a sort of preaching to the convinced. This was true despite the fact that the realities which it described were ones that had existed, substantially unchanged, for about a decade, and would continue to exist for more than a half-decade longer. All this only goes to show that more important than the observable nature of external reality, when it comes to the determination of Washington's view of the world, is the subjective state of readiness on the part of Washington officialdom to recognize this or that feature of it. This is certainly natural; perhaps it is unavoidable. But it does raise the question – and it is a question which was to plague me increasingly over the course of the ensuing years – whether a government so constituted should deceive itself into believing that it is capable of conducting a mature, consistent, and discriminating foreign policy. Increasingly . . . my answer would tend to be in the negative."

A biographer of George Frost Kennan may one day feel compelled to employ the epithet with which some-

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one adorned the philosophy of Dr. Samuel Johnson nearly two hundred years ago: "A Triumph of Character." But while the perhaps deepest wish of Dr. Johnson was to apply the strength of his mind and of his diction to the variegated problems of his personal existence – in other words, to peaceably share his public wisdom with himself – Kennan's principal ambition has been to share his private wisdom with the public – not so much to impress it with the powers of his mind as to help other people to reach his convictions and conclusions. Kennan has been – and this is the consistent thread throughout his career – essentially a teacher and a writer. (Johnson abhorred teaching, and he did not like to write very much either.) But, then, the great Doctor, while eccentric, was not unclassifiable – while George Kennan, in twentieth-century America, has been unclassifiable without being eccentric. And it is within this characteristic that his personal triumph and, perhaps, also his tragedy – or, rather, the American tragedy – resides.

THEATRE

Anatomy of a Hit

Scuba Duba
by Bruce Jay Friedman
(The New Theatre)

Bruce Jay Friedman's *Scuba Duba* is a nearly perfect product of the new pseudo-sophistication, being a compendium of varieties of dishonesty, an icon of simulated seriousness and fake wit, a gross indulgence masquerading as a work. And it has been taken up overnight by an audience which constitutes the complement of the exploiters, their target and body politic, an audience wised up to Broadway and avid for what it considers – or has been told to consider – "real," au courant, hit-em-where-they-live drama, absurd, cocky and daring as hell. When I saw the play on its second night there was a long line at the box-office (which was selling tickets through next April), the first time I have ever seen one at an off-Broadway theatre in my seven years of reviewing.

This line had formed almost wholly in response to a rave review in that morning's *New York Times*, whose new critic, Clive Barnes – capable enough up until then – had gone down for the count in his first real challenge from the apparently avant-garde and the seemingly gutsy. His panegyric had included praise for the text and the production on every count, for the play's intelligence and humor, its plot, the way it was directed and performed. It was the kind of review which, whether you saw the play before or after reading it, went to deepen your sense of living in a culture of absolute unreality.

The way Friedman's own contribution to unreality masks itself as actual is twofold. Thematically he seems to be dealing with some exceedingly pertinent contemporary social and psychological material, and dramaturgically he appears to be in the full recent tradition of what we might call the scatological-absurd. In the stage's new climate, where anything goes and everything is bound to come, it is nevertheless an impressive feat of exploitive playwriting to fuse two such disparate elements of audience appeal – hip sociology and advanced bawdry – into the simulacrum of a dramatic experience. Negroes and tits, together with a dash of Jewish mother-fixation, all of it served up with what has come to be known as "irreverence" or "if cultural rape is inevitable, lie back and enjoy it": such is *Scuba Duba*, whose very title conveys that distinctive lilt of the current imagination as it sets off to appropriate the games other people play.

In not much more than five minutes after the curtain goes up, we are aware that in his first play novelist Friedman is presenting us once again with Stern

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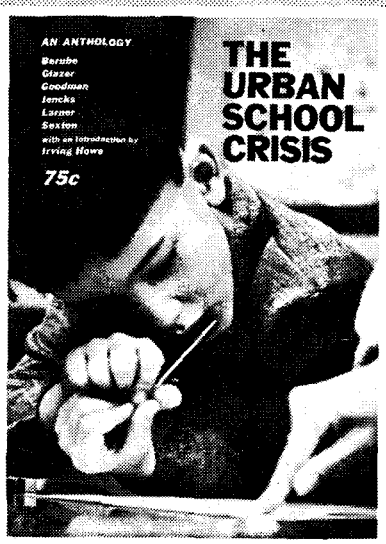

Essays by Paul Goodman, Christopher Jencks, Nathan Glazer, Patricia Cayo Sexton, Jeremy Larner and Maurice R. Berube. Introduction by Irving Howe.

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and the protagonist of *A Mother's Kisses*, those archetypes of brash Jewish male exteriors which cover victims' souls. He has been diluted and transplanted to the French Riviera in the guise of a vacationing copywriter for outdoor advertising who thinks his wife has run off with a Negro frogman. It is early evening and he must somehow get through the night. He manages this flaccid movement (which is what has been praised as the "plot") with the help of an assortment of characters of the kind that are popularly known now as "zany," until the morning brings showdown, a sort of interracial, Borscht belt *High Noon*.

The wife returns with the frogman, a caricature of hipsterism cum Black Power, and another Negro, a genteel, poetry-writing fellow who turns out to be the actual lover. Her husband, as we have been made intolerably aware all evening, is terrified of losing her and moves through a rapid series of last-ditch ploys designed to get her back, which range from frontal assaults on the Negroes to appeals to her pity, culminating in an abject announcement that he will be willing for the man to stay in the house as her lover if she will remain there as his wife. Throughout this final scene the play, which has hitherto been trying to be funny, is making a stab at seriousness, at what we have to call the new realism, and in keeping with this impulse *Scuba Duba* ends with the wife *really* going off with the Negro, a smashing triumph over the formulas and pallid sociology of the Broadway stage.

It is as entirely unconvincing as if she had stayed. The point in fact is that nothing is going to bring conviction, comic or otherwise, to a play that has been existing all along as a fraud, an exercise in self-indulgence, and one whose chief interest in social phenomena lies in literally getting back at their seriousness through japes, fashionable wit and the most vulgar kind of mockery. For Friedman's comic impulse, whenever it isn't simply drilling down into that exhausted mine of neurotic Jewishness (mothers, psychiatrists, hypochondria, self-pity) is capitalizing on the tensions and terrors of the interracial situation by letting us hear, in that liberating communal atmosphere the theatre is supposed to provide, the "things we haven't yet dared say" about it. "We" are the Jewish liberals and anybody who has been passing as one. And what we haven't said, at least publicly, is "coon," "spade," "coal-dusting nigger," "monkey," "chocolate shithead" and a good deal more in a progressive action of getting it off our chests through Friedman's heroism, a high point of which may lie in calling a Negro girl in an anecdote "Urethra."

This vocabulary of insult and invective runs through the play as its verbal leitmotif and functions as that kind of sterile catharsis which is obtained whenever something previously forbidden is allowed a temporary and revocable release. It is hermetic, cut off from true feeling and thought, not part of any dramatic action or purpose, sent up into the air in the interests of coarse therapy, of "acting-out." And yet in the play's most cowardly procedure it is all made safe, legitimized by the playwright's having seen to it that we are made aware of our inferiority, that the Negroes come off better, that they get the girl while we, poor schnooks who have been suffering with the hero all along, get the bird. That masochism has long been a mainstay of American commercial theatre, Broadway audiences having reveled in the exposure of their middle-class deficiencies and delusions, is a commonplace observation; the bright new fact is that masochism has spread to the outlying precincts where an audience purportedly hungry for truth and art has really been waiting for its chance at homeotherapy.

If I turn now from substance to craft, it isn't because I see them as separate but because reviews have their own order of business. The fact is that if Friedman had written a true play, if he had a dramatic imagination (as *Stern* clearly showed he has a novelistic one), his substance would have altered under its pressure, even while his "subject" remained the same. But lacking a dramatic imagination, not knowing how to set people or faculties in confrontation or how to force a histrionic reality out of raw experience, he is left with that experience at its level of deprivation of meaning and

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form. What he seems to have done to compensate for this is to have picked up information on how other writers have gotten by with their non-plays in this era of formlessness and the cash value of gratuitous outrage.

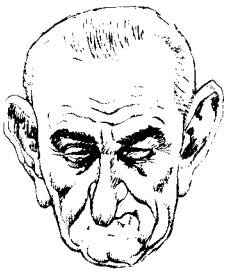
The chief asset, of course, is that battalion of zany characters whom you can shuttle on and off the stage as purveyors of fresh *schticks*, new routines to vary your central one. They include here a zany American tourist fresh from *Babbitt* and the Elks Wednesday meeting; a zany landlady who thinks everyone's a celebrity ("Oh, Sidney!" she mistakes the frogman for the movie star); a zany gendarme straight out of a perfume ad who says "everyzing" and "nozzing," a zany effete psychiatrist who simply can't *help* our hero any longer; a zany neighbor girl in a bikini who tells "absurd" anecdotes and helps him sexually through the ordeal; a zany anarchist who runs through the set shouting that all men are "teefs"; and a zany Englishwoman named Cheyenne who walks around in thigh-length boots, a merry widow and bare bulbous breasts, asks if there's "a crapper in the house," announces that she's trying to cut down to five climaxes a night and is hung up, culturally, on Bernie [sic] Malamud.

With such elements to compose the production follows a predictable course. Jacques Levy is a director of evident talent who did a splendid job with *America Hurrah*, but his work is constantly threatened by a streak of tastelessness announcing itself as verve and by a predilection for stage business that would recommend itself to Olson and Johnson. The result of the release here of these two elements of his élan is to graft on the play's inherent obnoxiousness a hateful immediacy, a pressing, elbowing presence of arbitrary gesture and ugly, up-to-the-minute theatricality. Tastelessness may be more accurately defined as pointlessness in aesthetic matters, and pointlessness is what distinguishes Levy's direction almost throughout. There is no conceivable dramatic reason for those breasts to be exposed, for example, nor for a great many other vulgar bits of business, which are vulgar not because they are immoral but precisely because they are pointless. For the rest, Levy sends the zany characters hurtling through the action like runaway figures from other so-called absurd plays, giving them tattoos, pots for hats, and scythes (for nothing), and employs in the most gratuitous fashion a number of devices – slides, booming tape-recorded phone conversations, life-size cardboard cutouts which slide on stage and then slide off again – whose desultory use seems largely intended to assure the audience that theatrical wizardry is near, if not fully exploited.

Most of the time the actors are left to perform in a style of frenetic naturalism, what we might call domestic-absurd. Cut off from each other by Friedman's failure to achieve any kind of dramatic structure, they occupy their islands of speech and gesture to the best of their abilities, which in most cases are extraordinarily small. The exceptions are Conrad Bain as the zany tourist and Rudy Challenger as the frogman; true pros, they at least give the illusion of believing in what they are doing. In the major role of the husband Jerry Orbach starts promisingly, drawing on his gift for stand-up patter and musical-comedy projection of personality, but he rapidly grows vocally monotonous and, more damagingly still, begins to play Milton Berle in earnest. The damage is to the pretense that we are witnessing something more than a situation comedy. A black comedy if you will, but one whose darkness seemed to me to lie in its revelations of what is likely to be esteemed for some time to come in certain quarters as wit, imagination, theatrical zest and social sophistication. Richard Gilman

Notes on Contributors

Mary Ellmann *is a widely published literary critic who makes her first* New Republic *appearance with this issue.* William Jay Smith, *the author of* The Tin Can and Other Poems, *is on the faculty of Hollins College.* John Lukacs *is author of* Decline and Rise of Europe, *published in 1965 by Doubleday.* Richard Gilman, *formerly theatre critic of* Newsweek, *will be reviewing theatrical events regularly in collaboration with* NR's *drama editor,* Robert Brustein.



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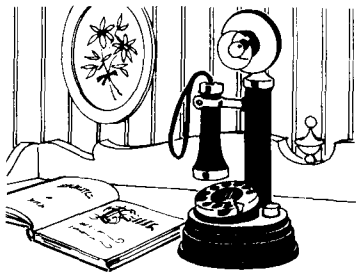

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Johnson: To Dump or Not to Dump

Sirs:

The muddleheaded thinking exhibited by Joseph L. Rauh Jr. in his article "Writing the Democratic Platform" (October 14) is characteristic of the intellectual bankruptcy of the old liberal establishment as typified by the Americans for Democratic Action. One has learned not to expect very much from this organization whose chief distinction lies in the spawning of political chameleons, such as Hubert Humphrey; however, the abandonment of principle in the face of political expediency inherent in their rejection of the "dump Johnson" movement in favor of the relatively innocuous "peace caucus" proposal is unprecedented even in their checkered history. . . .

Acknowledging from the start that the war in Vietnam *is* President Johnson's war, that Johnson must bear the personal responsibility for converting a Vietnamese struggle into an American crusade, Rauh nonetheless asserts in the same breath that, "Peace is too important a political issue for overpersonalization against one man." Since this last statement is the basic premise upon which his entire argument is based, it is a statement worth examining.

The implication that a "dump Johnson" movement would constitute the "overpersonalization" of the peace issue is an incredible piece of sophistry. Lyndon Johnson, after all, is not any one man, as Rauh seems to suggest, differentiated in no way from the other 180 million citizens of the United States. He is, unfortunately, the President of the United States. While others may share the responsibility for the present situation in Vietnam, the final decision and, hence, the ultimate responsibility must rest with the President.

Even more important is the basic realization that the best prospect for reversing these decisions and deescalating the war does not lie in allowing Lyndon Johnson's position to go unchallenged by his fellow Democrats in the dubious hope that the Republicans may come up with someone more suitable. It lies in replacing him with another Democrat of a more humanitarian persuasion, not committed to defending the errors of a tired and incompetent Administration. . . .

Mr. Rauh's most incredible argument is his allegation that a "dump Johnson" campaign should not be attempted because it could not possibly succeed. He insists that it would be handicapped with an unwilling candidate, Robert Kennedy, and cannot possibly succeed without one. Not only does he betray a pessimism here which is quite excessive given the downward trend of Johnson's popularity in the polls, but he also betrays a fundamental ignorance of even the most basic motivations for a "dump Johnson" movement. Certainly few people supporting the movement are so naïve as to believe that it will be easy to unseat Johnson. . . . [But] even if the movement does not meet with total success it will have at the very least provided these Democrats with a means to demonstrate to their government and to the world that President Johnson's conduct of the Vietnamese war has something less than the wholehearted support of the Democratic Party.

The peace caucus proposed by ADA would be a study in impotence and futility. Even if it were successful in forcing a peace plank upon the Democratic Platform, there is no guarantee that President Johnson would feel himself bound to it. Even if he were to give a token commitment to it at the convention, in order to head off any further action by the caucus, there would be little reason to believe that he would keep his word once the convention were over. . . .

Mr. Rauh as much as acknowledges the hopelessness of his position when he dwells, at the end of his article, upon the necessity for keeping all options open. He first suggests that, if the effort to turn the party towards peace should fail, the caucus members could support a Republican peace candidate or a third party. Finally, however, perhaps because he recognizes the unsatisfactory nature of either course, he suggests that the peace caucus could turn to an alternative Democratic candidate should the President refuse to alter his course. He concludes by embracing the position of the dump Johnson movement which he has at-

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tempted with so much effort and so little success to discredit.

Mr. Rauh refuses to recognize that Lyndon Johnson is too skillful a politician to alienate any group at the convention. He refuses to recognize that Johnson can promise to implement any kind of peace platform during the convention and the campaign, and then abandon his commitment once he wins the election, just as he did in 1964. The solution is not to put the peace delegates in a position of relying upon Lyndon Johnson's word, but to find an alternative to Mr. Johnson who can be trusted. . . .

A. E. Benderson
Buffalo, N.Y.

Joseph Rauh, the "realist," is living in a dream world. He wants a "peace caucus" to put a "peace plank" in the Democratic platform, while supporting the nomination of Lyndon Johnson. . . . LBJ *was* a peace candidate once before! He has systematically violated every pledge he then made and would find a peace plank now no more inhibiting.

But there is much more wrong with Rauh's analysis. In describing Johnson's culpability, he berates the President for "increasing American troops," "rejecting all entreaties to stop the bombing," "clamp(ing) conformity" and "challeng(ing) dissent." What dastardly crimes! There is no mention of the inhumanity of napalming whole villages, no condemnation of the destruction of an entire nation and the annihilation of its people. . . .

But a question must be asked and cries for an answer. If the best that can be done in our system is to give the people no other choice for president than the likes of a Lyndon Johnson and a Richard Nixon, say, then isn't there something radically wrong with the system?

Norman Balabanian
Syracuse, N.Y.

Joseph Rauh has become Lyndon Johnson's last fig leaf; perhaps that is why he does not realize the emperor is naked.

Mr. Rauh's drive for a peace plank at the 1968 Democratic Convention strikes me as absurd, especially when advocated by such a tough veteran of convention rumbles. He should know better than anyone else that platforms are bereft of meaning. If Joe is really lucky he might even get a platform as peaceful as 1964's.

The point seems simple to me. Lyndon Johnson cannot end this war in Vietnam. He must be denied renomination. This can only be achieved by defeating him in presidential primaries.

That Rauh should go out of his way to attack those of us active in the "dump Johnson movement" is particularly painful since his shouting "no" to LBJ's selection as vice president in 1960 makes him honorary founder of our effort.

Jack Newfield, Asst. Editor
The Village Voice

According to Mr. Rauh, "the primary convention and other efforts during the coming months for peace delegates to a peace caucus cannot but act as a restraining influence upon the Administration." If Mr. Johnson has not been restrained by his own pledges and promises in 1964 not to send "American boys to fight the war that should be fought by Asian boys" – what possible restraint can be effected on him by a peace caucus or peace plank in the Democratic platform?

Joy A. Seitchik
Baltimore, Md.

"Their unanimity in desiring to get rid of Truman was surpassed only by their inability to agree to anyone to take his place." So writes political analyst Samuel Lubell in *The Future of American Politics* on the dump-Truman campaign

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of 1948. In the forefront of that movement was ADA (Americans for Democratic Action); the then youthful organization's executive board resolved that either Dwight D. Eisenhower or William O. Douglas was a suitable alternative to the incumbent. But as the Democratic National Convention approached both General Eisenhower and Mr. Justice Douglas demurred. Then, in a desperate move that seems almost comical nineteen years afterwards, ADA diehards announced that they were supporting Claude Pepper, then a US Senator from Florida, for the presidential spot. The rest of the story is better known, and said to be a favorite of LBJ: Harry S. Truman received his party's nomination on the first ballot, and went on to defeat his three-pronged opposition (Dewey, Wallace, and Thurmond).

Certainly Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., writes from the perspective of two decades of ADA activity when he urges left-Democrats to remember that, "Peace is too important an issue for overpersonalization against one man." The Citizens for Kennedy group is only making the problems of forming an effective anti-Johnson coalition more complex by pledging blind fealty to its very reluctant standard-bearer. That ADA resorted to supporting Senator Pepper in 1948 demonstrates how impotent the dump-Truman effort was. And today the lesson of 1948 is ominous. The anti-Johnson coalition must not become enamored with an ambivalent personage, namely Robert F. Kennedy. Like General Eisenhower in 1948, Kennedy is proving to be a very reluctant dragon. Instead the coalition must bore from within the Democratic Party, hoping to demonstrate the stark contrast between President Johnson's foreign policy (and its resultant effects on domestic programs), and the thinking of the Democratic left. Following such a path could have one of two effects: either the coalition will be quashed at the convention by Johnson loyalists and Southern conservatives, or it will succeed in forcing the President to confront the reality that an important segment of his own partisan constituency diametrically opposes his foreign policy. As for dumping President Johnson from the ticket, well, that is doubtful. Even Robert F. Kennedy knows that.

Finally, but not likely, there remains the possibility that the GOP will nominate a candidate around whom the Democratic left can rally without too much foreboding.

Michael H. Ebner
Charlottesville, Va.

The arguments against joining a "dump Johnson" movement offered by Mr. Rauh may make some sense when applied to the National Board of the Americans for Democratic Action, but they do not apply to individual voters like myself. I am a lifelong Democrat, but I consider Johnson's Americanization of the war in Vietnam to be the worst blunder made by any President in our history, and I don't want him and his war for another four years. Since it looks as if he will be renominated, I will vote for any Republican candidate except Reagan or Nixon, and if one of these is on the ballot I will throw my vote to some left-wing ticket and pray that the nation survives.

David E. Haft, M.D.
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Mr. Rauh's proposal for a "peace caucus" at the Democratic Convention next year deserves support, but only because *any* proposal for action, *any* effort to end the war demands support. But it has two unanswerable objections built into it. 1) Lyndon Johnson, after all, is the man who will control and stage-manage the 1968 convention, with a paternal concern equaled perhaps only by his daughters' weddings. The likelihood of his allowing a platform plank to oppose directly the fundamental action of his administration is, to say the least, slight. 2) Even if the improbable should occur, and Lyndon Johnson should actually run on a peace platform in 1968, we need only recall that he ran on a peace platform in 1964.

James M. Cole
New Brunswick, N.J.

How Many Unemployed?

Sirs:

In "How Many Unemployed?" (Sept. 30) you have overlooked a significant reformulation of the "unemployment" concept which has the potential of really getting at the problem of what's happening in the slums. The Labor Department's "special job surveys" in

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November 1966 were the first attempt anywhere to provide social indicators on "sub-employment" in selected slum areas.

The traditional unemployment measure only counts those individuals who are full-time unemployed and actively seeking work. The sub-employment concept adds the following to "official" unemployment counts: 1) part-time employed and seeking full-time work, 2) full-time employment at substandard wages, 3) one-half of the male "non-participants" in the labor force (individuals not actively seeking work for a variety of reasons, *e.g.*, frustration), and 4) one-half of the estimated male "undercount" (Jacob S. Siegel of the Census Bureau estimates that 9.5 percent of the male nonwhite population does not get counted). The total sub-employment is then compared to a reformulated labor force figure which is expanded to include "non-participants" and the "undercount"; in the 8 survey cities, average sub-employment was 33.9 percent. (The "unemployment" figures mentioned in the *NR* article for Chicago, N. Philadelphia, and Watts, are sub-employment figures.). . . . Despite any "bugs" in the concept, it is still vastly superior to traditional unemployment measures. Now that we are aware of non-participants and the undercount, *any* "unemployment" data could be considered "'too unreliable' to be made public."

Unfortunately, no further work on sub-employment has been done since the 1966 surveys. The Labor Department needs encouragement for its pioneering work, and the concept of "unemployment" needs the ridicule which will allow the broader sub-employment concept to replace it in the public mind.

A further improvement would seek to supplement the "snapshot" nature of these surveys, which only show unemployment or sub-employment at any one moment. Although such data are valuable for economic purposes, a more relevant approach to understanding social conditions (*i.e.*, the insecurity, frustration, and bitterness arising from employment problems), would be to measure those who have been sub-employed for any significant period of time during the past year. At present, our indicators only show the tip of the iceberg.

Michael Marien
Syracuse, N.Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

barrier. For the past, the history of Europeans in relation to non-white populations is like a battery that was charged by the whites and is now paying out its voltage. For the present, I believe a strong argument can be made that the Vietnamese war has a base of color superiority; that if napalm and ball-bearing bombs were being dropped on blond and blue-eyed people, the American attitude would be different, no matter how stoutly we were stopping communism. (The fact that there are so many Negroes in the US forces proves the color thesis, rather than otherwise. This is the first "peasant" army in our history – made up in considerable number of draftees who cannot afford to get into college – or out of the country.) As for the future, it seems credible that the growing *détente* between the US and the USSR has some basis in color. The hatred and suspicion of China toward the Western whites, which include the Russians despite the Mongol minority in the Soviet, gives a color base to a political schism.

Racism is, of course, egotism extended – self-praise as well as self-preservation. And egotism takes its shape from the psyche. More and more clearly, the world's chief political troubles – such as color – seem more and more psychic. Politics may be the instrument for solving those troubles, but will the right politics be applied without psychic readjustment? Cole's book holds out no hope whatsoever for South Africa; still that very hopelessness may help to scare some others sufficiently.

One last wry note. This book was co-published by Ridge Press and Random House, certainly in humanitarian spirit; but the full-page biography of Cole, in the back of the book, refers to him consistently as Ernest. On the jacket and in the back of Philip Roth's new novel – to pick another Random House book at random – the author is called Mr. Roth. Would they dream of saying "Philip's stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*," etc.? I'm sure that no malice was intended to Cole, but the point – the crueler point, perhaps – is that the difference may not even have been noticed.

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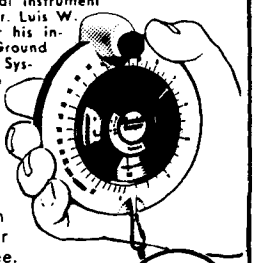

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6) Should you shake Joan Baez's hand?

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11) Sally Belfrage's Japanese translator writes her: "There are two places in your book, 'Freedom Summer,' which meanings I cannot take. On page 112, first line, 'She whupped his ass many a time' . . ."

12) Play McLuhan's new long-playing record, "The Medium is the Massage," at your next pot party—and wowwwwwww wwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww

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A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

–*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

–*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

–*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali–High praise by 35 celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen).

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Radio Free America–A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman–The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"–An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed–and Pithiest–Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art–Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War–A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie–A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs–New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall–The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley–A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt–The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War–Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious–and Perfectly Legal–New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"–A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism–As exemplified by the L.A. **Free Press**, N.Y. **East Village Other**, and Berkeley **Barb**.

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works–A Portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970–Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: *Herb Lubalin*, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant–and cruelly suppressed–quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months–the better part of a year–for *only $3.99*. This is a *MERE FRACTION of its actual value!*

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